

# JEM<sup>K</sup>

JANUARY, 1962

60¢

ARE FEMALE ROBOTS NECESSARY

ATHLETES ARE LOUSY LOVERS

HOW TO MAKE OUT ON A CAMP OUT

NAUGHTY GIRLS WITH HEARTS OF ~~GOLD~~ STONE



HUMOR

FICTION

CARTOONS

GALS

ARTICLES

---

# WARNING

Don't pick up this magazine  
unless you have a sense of humor  
and like to laugh.

When someone recently asked what JEM's editorial policy was, it took us no time to answer. In a world where everyone walks in the shadow of an atom bomb, JEM's only purpose is to spread good cheer, put a laugh in your belly and a smile on your face.

Nothing in JEM is to be taken seriously. Everything is written by writers with a lump in their mouth from the tongue in their cheek.

As for the beautiful girls in the magazine, we admit looking at them won't make you laugh, but they certainly will make you happy. So now, start reading JEM and have a happy —

---

THE EDITORS

---



# JEM

VOL. 4 NUMBER 7 JANUARY 1962

"JEM" is published bi-monthly by "Weider Periodicals Inc.", Union City, N. J. Application to mail at second class postage rate is pending at Union City, New Jersey and New York, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES PENDING AT NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. All manuscripts and art will be carefully considered and must be submitted solely at owner's risk. Subscription rates \$6.00 for 12 issues. All rights reserved under the International Copyright Convention and Pan American Copyright Convention.

## TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN...

*It Takes More Than A Broad Jump To Make A Broad Jump*

<i>The French Pinch</i>	TOM HAYWARD	6
<i>Bizarre Is the Vogue in Mademoiselle's Magazine</i>	ANONYMOUS	16
<i>Naughty Girls With Hearts of Gold</i>	J. JENNEL	22
<i>How To Make Out On A Camp Out</i>	TERRY WHITESIDE	26
<i>Some People Like To Be Needled</i>	STEPHAN L. TRAMM	36
<i>Trade In Your Old Sex Machine</i>	STANLEY PALEY	38
	FORCE KENNETT	50

## FICTION

<i>The Two Happiest People</i>	MILDRED JORDAN BROOKS	18
<i>The Man Who Came and Went</i>	ALLEN CAMPBELL	28
<i>I Lost My Marbles Watching the Late Late Show</i>	WILL LITTLE	46

## PICTURE THIS

<i>F is For Florence, Flowers and Furs</i>		8
<i>Caveniks</i>	HERB GOLDBERG	14
<i>Oh, Horrors</i>	BOB REISNER	30
<i>Attention, Music Lovers</i>		40
<i>The Launching Pad</i>	HERB ROGOFF	24

## DEPARTMENTS

<i>Readers Gripe Us</i>	5
<i>Fun and Frolic with Jem</i>	20
<i>Battle of the Sexes</i>	48
<i>Putting Women In Their Place</i>	66
<i>Advice To the Loveworn</i>	73
<i>No Biz Like</i>	63

**FIRST  
TIME  
AVAILABLE!**

# Thrilling Ultra-Revealing Photos & Films of America's Most Beautiful Blonde!

## Betty Brosmer

### THE GAL WITH THE FABULOUS

**39 19 36** FIGURE

★ Now, see this blonde bombshell the way you've always wanted to see her — in breathtaking studio stills and action movies! In the past, Betty posed only for a relatively few pin-ups and magazine covers. Now, she's finally consented to let her fans see more of her. Never has there been a woman with such exquisite perfection of face... such a tiny-waisted, voluptuous figure! You'll prize these new and different photos and films of Betty Brosmer above anything in your collection. Order today — supply limited!

#### STUDIO STILL

Combining superb, needle-sharp photography with the most beautiful, curvacious model in the world. Black and white, 4 x 5 glossy prints.

Set of 12	Only \$2.95
Set of 48 (all different) Save!	Only \$9.95

#### 8 and 16mm. ACTION MOVIES

Available at last — the kind of movies you've always wanted of Betty, but couldn't get at any price!

#### LATE DATE

Betty returns from a date, and after discouraging her too amorous swain, disrobes and prepares for bed. When you see her in all her glory, you're going to wonder why he gave up so easily!

#### FIRST MOVIE

Betty enacts the role of a nervous model on her first studio assignment. Hesitantly she disrobes... and as her clothing falls from her full figure, well... it's sheer dynamite!

#### PASHA'S PASSION

A Sultan's delight is beautiful Betty as she awaits a visit from her "master". When you see this vision of loveliness in sheer Oriental lave, you'll ask — "who needs a harem?"

#### TEMPEST

... but Betty will, as she portrays a lonesome farm maiden on a sunny afternoon. What do they do "down on the farm"? Well, this unusual movies provides one interesting answer!

#### COMPARE THESE LOW PRICES!

Never have such ultra-revealing, provocative films of a famous model been available for so little! Black and white only, 50 ft. 8 mm. or 100 ft. 16 mm. (sound or silent).

One 8 mm. movie	only \$3.95
Special, all four 8 mm.	only \$9.95
One 16 mm. movie	only \$5.95
Special, all four 16 mm.	only \$19.95
(Add \$1.00 per 100 ft., 16 mm. sound)	

#### YOU MUST BE DELIGHTED!

Yes, if these unusual photos and films of Betty don't meet and exceed your expectations, you have only to return merchandise for prompt refund. All items shipped prepaid, immediately!

#### AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF BETTY...

for you, if your order is received within two weeks. This beautiful portrait, hand autographed and suitable for framing, will be included with shipment if you act now!



CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**BETTY BROSMER**  
220 5th Avenue, Room 1106  
New York 1, N. Y.

Count me in! I have seen your pin-ups. Now I want to see more of you! Please ship me the following items, prepaid: . . .

I enclose \$ . . . ☐ cash ☐ check  
☐ money order. Ship immediately, to:  
Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . . Zone . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

## READERS GRIPE US

with the Congressional Medal Of Honor.

### Pride of the Prudes

Despite what other people I know say, I don't think of myself as a prude. However I don't agree with your article *Chastity Has Been Chased*. When I get married I still expect to marry a virgin.

Robert St. Martin  
Mesa, Arizona

Your problem reminds us of one of Dickens' titles—*Great Expectations*. Of course the book was fiction.

### Punch Drunk

My husband has been belting me around lately and everytime I object, he quotes your G—damn JEM as saying it's everyman's right to beat his wife. Please let me know if this is so as I refuse to believe any magazine could be that stupid.

Mrs. Mary Ellis  
Detroit, Michigan

Who are you calling stupid, lady? Are you looking for a shot on the snout?

Sometime ago my girlfriend and I were lying on her bed watching the Jack Paar Show when the announcer, Hugh Downs, let slip that he had smacked his wife. My girl thought this was cute and started to pester me to belt her as she wanted to know what it felt like to be hit by a man. At first I objected but she worked her wiles on me and I finally let her have one. Now she's threatening to sue me unless I shell out the dough to replace her two front teeth. Does she have a case?

Tom Healey  
Camden, N. J.

She sure has a case, Tom—and the case is you. Are you crazy or something' hitting someone in the mouth with a bare fist? Do you wanna crack your knuckles?

### Time For A Change

The article *How To Make Out With The Chicks Around The Office* was fine as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough. What I want to know is what do I do with these chicks around the office after I make out with them?

Stanley Hallaway  
Provincetown, R. I.

Check the want ad section of your local paper, Stanley. It's time you looked for another job.

### A Picture Is Worth A THOUSAND WORDS

In a moment of drunkenness I posed in the nude for my boyfriend and he now claims he sent the pictures to you. Since I am not a professional model I would like them back.

Harriet Peters  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Miss Peters, we receive so many pictures of undressed girlfriends every week in the mail that it would be impossible to tell which of them are you. Now if you were to drop into the office so we could compare —

### Matinee Anyone?

The article, *It's Better In the Afternoon*, broke up my romance. When I showed it to my girl, she agreed with it but since I work every afternoon, I began to wonder how she knew.

Gene Lawson  
Chicago, Illinois

### TV Guide

Contrary to your article *TV Is TB To Love*, my husband and I have found that ever since we bought our first TV set, our sexual relations have been better than ever. There is at least one program on every night that is so bad that neither of us can watch it and the next thing we know we are in each other's arms.

Alice Longworth  
Dallas, Texas

Alice dear, could you please send us a list of those programs. They should be worth a fortune.

### Solution

If my subscription to Jem arrives while I'm at the office, I always return home to find that the girlie pictures have been ripped out before I could get to see them. My wife claims one of the kids is responsible, but I know better. Is there anything I can do about this?

Roger Burnside  
Dayton, Ohio

You can do one of two things—have the subscription sent to your office or — break her arms.



### A Thorough Worker

The article in the last issue of JEM, *Private Eyes With Pretty Legs* reminded me of the time I was working as a bellhop in a second rate Palm Springs Hotel which had a register full of Mr. and Mrs. John Does. About 3 AM, one morning, the police raided the joint. Only one of the babes whom they found naked in bed with male companions, put up a beef about the pinch. She claimed she was a Private Eye and that she was merely there to prove that the man with her was cheating on his wife. Although she had papers to show she was a private investigator, the police still locked her up.

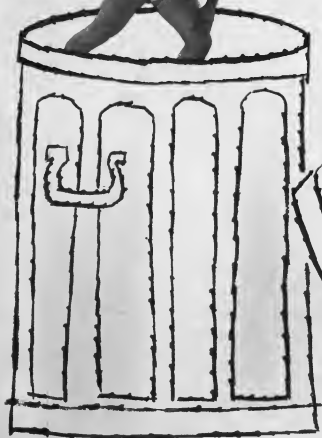
Howard Ely  
Tampa, Florida

This only proves there's no justice. In the Army, a soldier who was willing to make the supreme sacrifice beyond the call of duty, would end up

IT TAKES  
MORE THAN  
A **BROAD**  
JUMP

By TOM HAYWARD

*The man who can shot-put  
may not put out . . .*



## TO MAKE THE BROAD

# JUMP!

★ Of late there is a growing conviction that athletes make lousy lovers. Is this true?

No, of course not. No one but a fool would make such an unscientific statement. For this would mean that all athletes are no good in bed. This is ridiculous for there are bound to be some great lovers among athletes as well as mediocre and poor ones. All such generalizations have to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. But a study of some individual athletes did prove that on the battlefield of l'amour they were far from the triumphant heroes that they were in the field of sport.

Let us take the case of Jim Baxter, a world famous hammer-thrower. (This is not his real name nor will the real names of the other athletes discussed in this essay be used for the sake of propriety and fear of libel suits). Jim was recently married and on his bridal night he scooped up his expectant bride and carried her across the threshold.

"Hmm, honey, you don't weigh much, do you," he said as he entered the hotel room and kicked the door closed behind him.

"Not too much, sweetie," she whispered as he carried her toward the bed.

When Jim was about six or seven feet from the bed, he stopped short and said, "I bet I can throw you on the bed from here."

Before the astonished girl could utter a word, Jim whirled around and around and in his best hammer-throw style, heaved his wife—whoosh! through the air right onto the bed.

"Hot diggety!" Jim exclaimed, "I did it! I wonder if I could do it if I moved back a few feet."

"No, no!" his bride Agnes yelled as he picked her up again and paced off ten feet from the bed.

"Aw, be a sport, honey. This is real fun."

So saying, Jim twirled Agnes around his head and let fly. Again she sailed through the air and landed on the bed.

Agnes protested again and again as Jim increased the distance he was hurling her. Jim paid no mind, and anyway her protests were getting feeblér all the time from the pounding she was getting, crashing onto the bed so many times.

Jim had tossed her twenty-two feet on his last attempt and in his eyes was the look they had when he broke the world's record for the hammer throw in the Olympics. He picked up the now silent, groggy Agnes and measured off twenty-five feet from the bed where his bride had hoped that different kinds of prowess would be demonstrated.

"This time I'm going to break my own record," Jim exulted, and flung Agnes with everything he had.

As he watched Agnes catapult through the air, a cry of triumph escaped from Jim. This really was a record-breaking effort, for Agnes sailed completely over the bed, smashed into the window, breaking it into bits, and crashed onto the terrace where she broke both legs and her collarbone, as well as suffering some minor cuts and abrasions.

Jim's single now. Agnes, as soon as she got out of the hospital, had their marriage annulled. She's also suing him for a record- (Continued on page 52)





**F** IS FOR  
**FLORENCE,**  
**FLOWERS**  
**AND FURS**



Except that she's prettier, better built and more desirable, Florence is like any other girl—she adores flowers and furs. Florence's favorite flower is the rose and no wonder—she reminds one of a rose herself.





When it comes to furs, Flo's taste runs to mink and ermine. Both these animals are members of the weasel family which is still no excuse for your girlfriend trying to weasel one of these coats out of you. Flo prefers mink with light-colored pelts which are raised in the United States. Flo, who has a light colored pelt herself, was also raised in the United States.



The mink has a stronger odor than a skunk but it isn't noticeable except when the mink is in a rage. Fortunately the guy who buys one of these coats for some dame doesn't give off an odor when the bill puts him in a rage.





Another name for the ermine is stoat and any guy who buys an ermine fur piece should be considered a stoat fellow. (Ouch.) Although the ermine, like the mink, is a small animal, there are ermine pelts twelve inches long which any girl will tell you is long enough. Ermine is used for fur wraps, jackets neck-pieces and muffs.

You can always tell genuine ermine by the black tip on it's tail. Florence needs no such marks to see that she's a genuine girl.



WOGS USED DINOSAURS

WHY NOT BECOME  
A TWO DINOSAUR  
FAMILY

THIS WINTER  
I WANT A SABRE  
TOOTH TIGER SKIN

HE OBVIOUSLY  
DOESN'T LIKE HER

MOTHER GAVE ME  
THE RECIPE, ONE CUP  
PTERODACTYL...

WELL THEY FINALLY  
GOT AWAY FOR  
THE WEEKEND

WE MUST GET  
HIM TO DO OUR  
CAVE

AW COME ON  
POP! YOU WERE  
YOUNG  
ONCE

DID YOU HEAR  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO MRS. OOM

I THOUGHT YOU SAID  
THEY WERE BREAKING  
UP

WHY CAN'T YOU  
BE LIKE THAT  
TO ME

Herbert Goldberg

# THE FRENCH PINCH





★ SUNDAY, Sept. 14. — Oh, my head! After my tour of duty, last night, I went out with the boys. We had a tip about an illegal still over in the 6th arrondissement where some joker named Lucky Pierre was making bootleg cognac. And so he was, bless his heart. We had quite a time, a-drinking and a-smashing. When the smoke had cleared, Lucky Pierre was out of business and my buddies and me couldn't care less. I took home a case or two—for evidence, of course—but Annette raised the roof. She thought I'd been carousing and she wouldn't believe my story about Lucky Pierre. That's what I get for taking up with another gendarme's wife. If I can ever get rid of Annette, boy, next time—no, there'll be no next time.

Anyhow, today I woke up with a big head. It was Annette, the fat head, sleeping on my side of the cot. I pushed her out of bed, sent her for some bread and wine, and sat around reading the Sunday filthy pictures. Then I started doing some thinking about the case of the stolen frog's legs. If I can break that case, I'll make sergeant sure. Maybe it'd help if I put all my thoughts down on paper.

There's this bistro, Chez Zelda,

over on the Rue Scrue. It's really a front for a white slave racketeer named Lucky Pierre, but we've never been able to get a line on him. Then comes this call last week from Zelda herself, saying that all her frog's legs were stolen. It was obviously an inside job—all the doors were locked, and nobody had a key to the frog's legs drawer but Zelda and a couple of the older frogs. So we've been quizzing all of Zelda's waitresses—Annette, Marie, Emilie, Cecile and Yvonne—all week. In fact, I quizzed Emilie last Friday until I was worn to a frazzle. All I got out of her was a couple of scratches on my back. No progress.

So today has been miserable. My head aches and there's nothing in it.

MONDAY, Sept. 15—Back to the job. I got a new post, patrolling the woods alongside the Champs Elysees. This is fine in the daytime—nothing but kids playing in those sand piles and the ice cream vendors and all that—but at night it's Katie bar the door.

Tonight, I caught a beautiful American girl trying to pick up a nice little Frenchman. I took her up to the apartment and quizzed her for over an hour. Got nothing out of her but some scratches on my back, which is

by now beginning to fester.

No progress on the case of the stolen frog's legs. I'll have to quiz Cecile tomorrow; it's my turn.

My wife, Annette, was not home when I came home. I call her my wife because I want to get in the habit so I won't do it. Anyhow, she wasn't here. Dare I hope — ?

TUESDAY, Sept. 16—A major break in the case of the stolen frog's legs! I was quizzing Cecile—my poor, bloody back—when she suddenly screamed, "Mon dieu! The key! I forgot the key!" What can that cryptic statement mean? I decided to put the pressure on her, but it turned out she had a working knowledge of jiu jitsu so I was unable to get anywhere. However, I now have a clue—there is a key somewhere, and it means something to Cecile. I shall have to do some putting of twos and twos together, and maybe I'll get quatre.

Annette walked in while I was quizzing Cecile. She started to get nasty when I yelled, "Police business, this is police business," and she said, "It looks more like monkey business" but she took my word, I guess, and walked out. Dare I hope — ?

(Continued on page 54)

*A gendarme's diary reveals that when a female suspect is pinched, it doesn't mean she's arrested . . .*

*He loved the lady in her and  
she loved — well that's  
what made them . . .*

**By Mildred Jordan Brooks**

★ Once more the middle-aged man smoothed his well-cut Italian silk jacket and looked anxiously toward the doorway of the cocktail lounge.

A young woman entered and stood there. She was a beautiful girl; she wore a beige-colored sheath that rose and fell with the contours of her body, and she stood proudly, as a woman will when she knows she is beautiful.

The man jumped up from where he sat and rushed toward the girl.

"Darling!" He caught hold of her hand and stood looking at her.

"Am I late?" The smile began — a slow, little half smile that put a light in her eyes and gave her an almost demure look, that contrasted oddly with her air of self-possession.

The man studied the girl, his eyes went soft and moist. He opened his mouth to speak, his throat worked, but no words came.

"I'm sorry, darling," the girl said. "It's the new car. I suppose I haven't really learned to handle it yet."

"Should I have gotten you a smaller one?" he managed to ask.

The girl drew her eyebrows together in mock dismay. "Heavens, no! This one's perfect. I *love* it."

The room had been heavy with talk before, but now the hum receded as people turned to look at the girl; the men took long sensuous draughts of her, their eyes widened in discovery, but the women looked, their eyes narrowed, and they looked away.

The girl became conscious of people staring at them; she glanced about, then plucked at the man's sleeve. "Where are we

*(Continued on page 53)*

# THE HAP- PIEST TWO PEO- PLE



# FUN & FROLIC



Life is funny. It is never the coldest girl who gets the mink coat.



From rags to riches is the typical American success story but actually riches to rags is the faster trip. We know a fellow who, just two years ago, had a yacht and a dozen fancy women. Today he has only a row boat and a couple of oars.



Three young men got married. One married for money; he got money. One married for love; he got love. One married for honor and he got honor.



Two old friends had not seen each other for almost ten years. When they accidentally ran into each other on the street, it was an occasion for much rejoicing. As they bent elbows at the nearest bar, they began discussing what had happened to them since they last met and naturally they got around to their families.

"I've been married eight years,"

This news made Tom sad. "I've been married eight years, too," he said, "but I have no children. How do you do it?"

"There's nothing to it," replied Joe. When you go home tonight, go into the bedroom before your wife and sprinkle the room with her favorite perfume. Then put some romantic LP's on your record player, and ask your wife to put on a sheer nightgown. As she climbs into bed, put out the lights, open the window and whistle."

"Whistle?" asked Tom in surprise. "What do you whistle for?"

"For me, of course, I'll be outside waiting and when I hear you whistle I'll come in and show you what to do."



The cause of so many divorces is the same old tale.



When Silas was in the hospital, he had a day nurse and a night nurse. In the afternoons he rested.



A lady had many admirers. Each sent her a fowl for Easter. She was gifted with quite an assortment.

Some henned her, some ducked her, some geessed her.



Sailors who have been at sea for months at a time usually become disgruntled but there are two sailors aboard the S. S. Hurryup who are always contented — Henry Fitzpatrick and Patrick Fitzhenry.



It may be fun to fight about a kiss, but it's more fun just to take it lying down.



Of the 31 pupils in the anatomy class at college only one was female. The professor was giving a quizz one day on the work they had been studying the week before and calling on Miss Jones, he asked:

"Miss Jones, what part of the human male, in times of stress and emotion enlarges to ten times its normal size?"

Miss Jones glanced around the

# WITH JEM



room, blushed, and said, "I'm sorry, professor, but I refuse to answer that."

The professor turned to one of the other students in the class. "Mr. Smith, he said, "can you answer the question?"

"Yes sir," replied Smith. It's the pupil of the human eye."

"Correct," said the professor. Then turning to Miss Jones, he said, "I have three things to say to you, miss. First it's obvious that you haven't done any studying for this exam. Second, you have a dirty mind and, third, you're going to be very disappointed when you get married."



Some of the girls who attended the political conventions didn't care who got in.



When they're tall and terrific,  
You gotta be specific.



Did you ever notice what motel spells backward?



After siring five daughters in a row, the new father happily announced that the latest offspring was a boy. As he was passing the cigars around, one of his friends asked him if the infant looked like him or its mother.

"I really don't know," said the beaming father. "We haven't looked at its face yet."



Her friends were telling the middle-aged widow that she should remarry.

"What for?" asked the widow.

"I've got a dog, a cat, and a parrot."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the friends. "It's not the same as having a man around the house."

"Oh yes it is!" exclaimed the other.

"The dog growls all the time, the parrot swears, and the cat stays out all night."



The bachelor had spent a couple of weeks at an expensive resort but the pickings had been pretty slim. On the eve of his return to the city there was a dance at his hotel. The bachelor was delighted to discover that a stunning new girl had arrived. He asked her to dance and she accepted. As he was whirling her around the floor he held her very close and murmured: "I'm leaving tomorrow, honey. There isn't much time left. So how about speeding things up a bit?"

"For crying out loud," said the girl, "I can't dance any faster than this."



A writer met an old friend on the golf course one afternoon and after they had exchanged greetings the friend said:

"Buddy boy, I've got to stop reading your books and articles. I read your article, 'Disease A La Carte', about the unsanitary conditions in restaurants around the country and I couldn't eat. I read your article about insomnia and I couldn't sleep. I read your book on the dangers of travel and I've been afraid to go anyplace since I read it. What in the devil are you working on now?"

The writer shifted his golf bag around uneasily.

"A book," he replied, "and it's called 'Let's Tell The Truth About Sex.'"



# BIZARRE

# IS THE

# VOGUE

# IN



By Joseph Jennel

★ Not long ago one of our oldest friends said to us, "When you say false eyelashes are in fashion, you don't mean that my cousin in Milton Massachusetts, should wear false eyelashes . . ." To which we said yes, yes, yes we do, providing, of course, that she's living in the present, and she wants to wear false eyelashes . . . no woman need suffer from a withering ego because she wasn't born looking like a combination of Spanish maja-Viking goddess-and-USA movie star. There are THINGS that can be done . . .

**SHOE CUES:** One of the zingiest looks going is the low, curvy heel especially if it's attached to a slender little pump . . .

**UNDERNEATHNESS:** If you haven't bought a waist cincher since, say, 1949, you can count yourself as ten years behind the times . . .

This summer's authentic romanticism (Continued on page 60)

*Cutting paper dolls is nothing compared to how you'll end up after invading the screwy female magazine Schmademoiselle . . .*

**MADemoiselle's**

**MAGAZINES**



# THE TALE OF THE SPACEMAN'S WIFE

THE SPACE AGE HAS BEGUN, AND ALTHOUGH OUR PENETRATIONS INTO OUTER SPACE HAVE BEEN MEAGRE, THE DAY IS NOT TOO FAR OFF WHEN NEW FRONTIERS WILL HAVE BEEN OPENED. AT THAT TIME SPACEMEN WILL BE GOING ON LONG "BUSINESS TRIPS." WHAT HAPPENS, THEREFORE, TO THE WIVES THESE SPACEMEN LEAVE AT HOME? THE FOLLOWING IS A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE . . . . .



## 1-THREE-STAGE ROCKET:

THE VEHICLE WHICH BREAKS DOWN THE BARRIERS OF SPACE. THE "EARTHMAN" ABOVE, ALSO USES THREE STAGES TO BREAK DOWN BARRIERS: WINE, ROSES AND GOODIES.



## 3-FUELING UP:

THE ROCKETS GO UP ON LOX (LIQUID OXYGEN). THE SPACEMAN'S LADY WILL TRAVEL ON BOOZE (DRY MARTINIS).



## 2- SPACE SUIT:

READY FOR A RIDE THROUGH THE GALAXIES.



## 4-COUNTDOWN:

LONG, DRAWN-OUT OPERATION AT THE ROCKET BASE, BUT AT HOME IT'S CHA-CHA RECORDS.



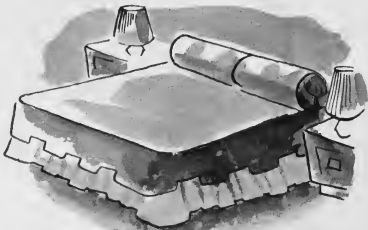
## 5-ESCAPE HATCH:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE  
SPACEMAN, BUT MORE IMPORTANT  
TO OUR LAND TRAVELER.



## 6-LAUNCHING PAD:

THE RIDE STARTS HERE



## 7-BLAST OFF:

EACH RIDE IS  
A BRAND NEW  
EXPERIENCE



## 8-A-OK: EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.



## 9-RE-ENTRY:

GETTING BACK INTO THE  
EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.



WHAT'RE  
YOU DOING HERE?  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
STILL IN ORBIT!!



*Are you kidding? An examination into  
a fallacy as old as the Garden of Eden*

By TERRY WHITESIDE

## NAUGHTY GIRLS WITH HEARTS

★ Julius Caesar, one of the first tourists in history and in his day one of the most travelled, spoke in his memoirs of certain aspects of France. He declared of a prostitute that he met there that her heart "was as of gold". The celebrated Greek writer Ovid, in writing his classic "Arts of Love", was convinced that several of the immemorial Roman courtesans also had hearts of gold. Such recent writers as Mickey Spillane, Tennessee Williams and James T. Farrell apparently are also convinced that any girl who works in a brothel rather than in a department store has this famous heart of gold. It would appear that throughout the centuries, man has been convinced that once a girl takes money for her favors, her heart turns from flesh into gold.

The heart of gold tradition is a difficult one to trace. It is even more baffling than the sea monster that appears from time to time in remote Scottish lakes. The trouble with having a heart of gold, basically, is that in order to have a heart of gold, you have to

(Continued on page 58)



'STONE'  
OF "GOLD . . ."



# The man who came.

# and Went

When a beautiful babe makes good her  
life's ambition to be the best  
sexpot that ever lived, it's the end,  
man, the living end . . .



By ALLEN CAMPBELL

★ Man, I've seen a lot of chicks in my day but the one that was gliding toward me was the absolute end. I knew I'd never see better. Long, shapely, nylon clad legs, a tight skirt that accentuated every movement of her well rounded thighs, a firm, sensuous bosom that strained against the confines of her well-fitting blouse and a face that — well, as the songs says — makes the angels wanna sing. As she floated closer I got a stiff jolt of perfume that made me think of warm nights, soft breezes and willing wenches. Man, the whole bit was just too much for me so instead of tending to my business I let my hands fall from the piano and just sat there like a complete idiot.

Me? I'm a piano man. Not the greatest in the world but among musicians I'm known as a guy with good push, not too much technique. This means I fit well into a group but don't make it too much as a soloist. This may be right but for the last three years I've been making out pretty well playing a single. On this particular night I'm working in a real atmospheric bistro in the east sixties called Domino's where all night long I play the kind of stuff that people who pay a buck and a half for a drink like to hear: classics, semi-classics and scores from Broadway musicals. Every once in a while though, for my own kicks — and I'm sure the customers don't mind as most of them don't listen anyway — I lay down one of the real great standards giving it a real weird treatment. And this is exactly what I'm doing when this real cool chick starts gliding over to the piano and everything goes black. Or should I say a real swinging red.

But to get back to the doll. When she gets to the baby grand she drops her lovely elbows on it, rests

her beautiful chin in her hands and just stands there looking dreamy, delectable and delicious. She don't say nothing, just stands there and looks. And if Helen had a face that launched a thousand ships this doll could supply our navy with enough battlewagons to build a wall around North America.

Now that I'm over the initial shock I put my hands back to work but, so help me, the only song I can think of is *Lovely To Look At*, I know it's corny but I do it in a real easy tempo packing it with the wierdest progressions imaginable, augmented thirteenth, flattened ninth etc. And I can see the way the chick pays more attention in the right places that she's really getting my message. After I breeze through the last eight bars the luscious one walks around the piano bench, sits next to me and asks can I do *This Love Of Mine* in A flat. I can and do. Sliding through a nice intro I hit the first chord and she takes it from there. She ain't got the best voice in the world but she sells a song and after she warbles the first sixteen bars, everybody in the joint shuts up and just listens. I don't mind them listening but I wish they wouldn't be so obvious about it because as far as I'm concerned, this beauty is singing just for me.

When she finishes she gets a nice little round of applause. And as she gets up to leave she invites me to her table for a drink during my intermission. I got about five minutes before break time and believe me, that seems like a whole evening. I knock off a few of the tunes from *My Fair Lady*, close the piano and make a bee-line for her table. Man, that chick is for me.

When I get there (Continued on page 67)

# OH, HORRORS

By BOB REISNER

When it comes to kicking a ghoul for a goal, you can't beat Bob Reisner. Bob, who has compiled and written the gag lines for *Western on Wry*, *The Brave Ghouls* and *Captions Courageous* has earned the title of *Captain of Caption Writers*. To prove he deserves it, he has put together another set of monstrous monster pictures which should send a shiver down your spine and a laugh up your funny bone. So start looking and laughing already . . .



*"If we perfect our dip, the Harvest Moon contest is won."*

*"You say a lot of nice, single fellows go to these dances?"*



*"Stop! John, use your heads."*



*"As a first year student you're not  
ready to operate."*



*"Mary, I've only been away at Heidelberg  
a year and yet you've cooled."*



*"It's settled.  
You're going  
for braces  
tomorrow."*





*"Don't trust any longer to luck. Our offer; no physical, no medical, no premium till first of the year."*



*"I'll go  
straight ...  
get a job."*

*"This compress will  
ease the swelling."*



*"I've got to make the 7:20.  
I'll change on the train."*





*"Stall him till I check his references."*

*"You're not evicting me till I find  
other quarters."*

# HOW TO MAKE OUT ON A CAMP OUT

*Being a timber wolf with a  
babe in the woods can be fun —  
just be sure the broad doesn't  
get ants in her pants!*

By STEPHAN L. TRAMM

★ The outdoor life can be pampered and luxurious, a weekend catered by Abercrombie and Fitch, or it can be a harsh and rigorous safari, sleeping on damp ground surrounded by nothing but thin native girls.

Now it is all very well to discuss camping equipment, but many of us discovered that the equipment is hardly useful if we are unable to sell an interesting young thing on the beauties of the great outdoors.

First of all, never try to sell a companionable weekend in the open on the basis of getting back to nature. Play down the bugs, steer the conversation away from the sanitary facilities; never mind the snakes. Far better to stress the novelty and if necessary, the unsophisticated wholesomeness of nature. Lots of stars and woodsmoke, that's the stuff to dish out.

Unless you have a bit of Adirondack fly trouble, or run into a spot of poison ivy, you should be able to plan on being able to relax and settle down to the main business of the outing as soon as your camp is pitched. There's something about the great outdoors that stimulates the glands and puts the inhibitions under the rug.

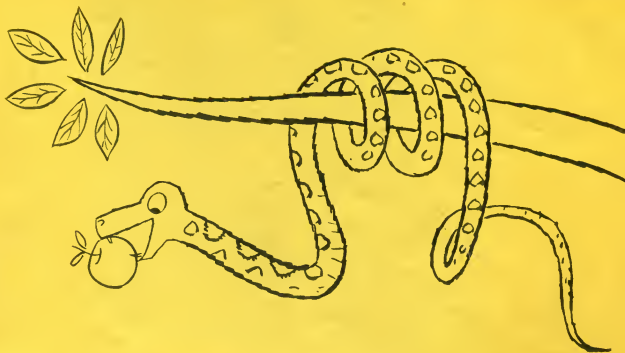
Still, various small stratagems, may be necessary where the diffident partner is concerned. Best of all, plan ahead. Hit or miss preparations are the

downfall of many campers with an otherwise sound approach. Suppose, for instance, that you simply pull into the first likely looking spot. You eat and settle down by the campfire for a bit of hanky panky. You're just sketching a forward pass when your partner begins to sing.

Well, you say, what's wrong with that? It's a well known fact that all women immediately burst into song when seated by a camp fire. Ah, but this one knows every song written since 1894 and she knows all the verses. She can go on almost indefinitely and, need I tell you, it is almost impossible to successfully approach a girl whose midsection is vibrating with the words of Old MacDonald Had A Farm. As she finishes the last verse of the song, she jumps brightly to her feet and cries, "I'd just be terrified in that little old tent so I'll sleep in the car. Wake me up real early!" And she's gone.

Even if your playmate doesn't sing, she may turn out to be a difficult case. Difficult cases come in a variety of models: There is the fire poker, who spends the whole evening bouncing up and down, gathering twigs, adding wood to the fire and setting fire to the grass. There is the flame-gazer, who stares dreamily into the flames and talks whimsically about what she sees in them until the sun comes up or she is dragged, screaming, into the tent. There is the

(Continued on page 69)





---

# SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO BE NEEDED

---

*There is both a humorous  
— and sexual side to the old  
skin game called tattooing . . .*

By STANLEY PALEY

★ I had noticed the girl for three days in succession. Every morning at eleven she came down to the beach with a magazine, a backrest, a towel, and a bottle of suntan lotion. Invariably she went through the same routine. First she covered her slender legs with the lotion, then rubbed some on her arms, her upper chest and her face. After this she stretched out on her belly, unfastened the halter that covered her bosom, and took the sun for exactly twenty-five minutes. That done she carefully wiggled back into the halter, turned around on her back, and exposed the fore section to twenty more minutes of sun. There was something strange about her, an air of aloofness coupled with distinction. She was quite beautiful, with glossy long black hair and finely chiseled features. Several times local wolves tried to talk with her but she was unresponsive; now they left her alone.

I was intrigued by her. She always looked as if she was brooding about something in the past, something she had never forgotten and could never forget. And this morning, as I lay on the sand a few paces from her I suddenly realized what it was.

I saw it after she made her customary turn from back to front. Her left arm was stretched, close to my line of vision, and it came to me as a shock, not because it was unesthetic and marred an otherwise flawless skin, but because it symbolized some-

thing bestial and brutal. Visible on the underpart of her forearm, in spite of the sun tan was the number 45237. The seven was European, with the customary bar in the center.

The girl noticed I was staring at the tattoo mark. Her dark eyes looked steadily into mine and made me feel strangely uncomfortable. Finally I said:

"Dachau?"

"No," she said. "Belsen."

A couple of days later, when I got to know Raya better, I asked her why she clung to this grim reminder of her terror-ridden childhood days in a concentration camp.

"Nowadays it's possible to have tattoo marks removed," I said. "Why not do something about it?"

"I'll never have it done," she said, emphatically and with a faint trace of a Polish accent. "My mother was tattooed with the number immediately preceding this one. It is all I have left to remember her by."

When I returned to town after my vacation I couldn't get that tattoo mark out of my mind. I thought of it every time I saw someone on the street, in the bus or the subway with the characteristic red and blue markings on his skin, markings in the shape of a serpent or a dragon, or an arrow piercing a heart.

What impelled people to have

*(Continued on page 57)*







## ATTENTION, MUSIC LOVERS

Today's lesson, students, as you probably gathered from the pictures, is on the mandolin. The name of the model we hired to demonstrate some of the points we will make is Miss Cleff. We could have hired a male model for the job but since mandolin is pronounced MAN doh lin with the emphasis on the man, we figured we'd be better off with a female. (And if we didn't have this excuse, we would have found some other.)





The tone is produced by a rather stiff plectrum which the player holds between the right thumb and forefinger. Of course I needn't tell any of you music lovers that a stiff plectrum is the musical term for pick.







They say that music soothes the savage beast, but somehow, when Miss Cleff is in the mood to play, she makes savages of all us two legged beasts.





I  
LOST  
MY  
MARBLES . .



Funny! Funneey! Yes, to everybody  
but the poor Joe who forgot to  
protect himself in the clichés —  
movie clichés, that is . . .



# WATCHING THE LATE, LATE SHOW

By WILL LITTLE

★ Help! Won't somebody please help me? These black and blue marks on my back are beginning to swell and bother me. You know — those marks from being pushed down on the couch in the head shrinker's office.

I can tell what you're thinking. If I don't want to be psychoanalyzed, why go to a head shrinker? Because where I am, everybody goes — they have to.

For instance just a little while ago, the head psycho gives me a crayon (nothing is allowed in here with a point) and tells me if it'll make me happy, to go ahead and write my version of what happened to me. Now I resent that word *my* — it implies I'm not telling the truth and if there is one thing I'm not, it's a liar.

I'll prove it to you. I could start off telling you that I'm writing this from a rest home, but this is as much a rest home as the electric chair is a rocker. You see I'm the kind of a guy who faces the facts, and the fact is that this is a nut house, looney bin, insane asylum or whatever the hell you want to call it.

*(Continued on page 70)*



## BATTLE OF THE SEXES ..





# YES!

★ First let's clarify this resolution: we're not suggesting that we males turn over *all* the hard work to the dames—although it might be a good idea at that. They've been living on the hard-earned fruits of our sweat long enough. No, all we're asking for is what's coming to us, a fair division of labor that's long overdue.

Let's face it, fellas, for centuries we've meekly let women get away with one of the greatest frauds ever perpetrated on unsuspecting males—namely that women are frail dolls, the weaker sex and all that piffle.

Weaker sex? Let us now take time out for a bitter horse laugh. Have you ever attended a department store sale in the midst of a bunch of clawing, kicking, yapping women? Even if it's a sale for men's haberdashery you'll find them at the counter, outnumbering men five to one, grabbing the best bargains for hubby before you know what's hit you and even tearing that nice white-on-white shirt right out of your hands if you were able to grab it before they did. Brother, you may have been a big man on the football team back in the good old days at Hogwash College, but you'll never have had to retire from the field so bloody and

..... SHOULD WOMEN DO THE HARD WORK?

# NO!

bowed as when dealing with the so-called frailts.

Have you ever ridden a bus or the subway? Then you'll know what we're talking about. A hefty matron armed with an umbrella is more than a match for any male her size and weight. One buck gets you ten that if both have their eyes on the same vacant seat, it's the party in skirts that gets it.

The fact of the matter is that pound for pound—and with all those curves some of 'em have got plenty of poundage—women are capable of performing the same physical labor as men if they want to. But there, precisely, is the fly in the ointment: they *don't* want to because most women have had it so good for so long that they've become lazy slobs who expect to be supported by hard-working males.

If we men have been dumb enough to let them get away with it, it's entirely our own fault.

It all started during the winning of the West when women were in short supply. Everyone knows that whatever is in short supply thereby becomes highly valuable and greatly prized. Since there weren't enough dames to go around, they made the most of it.

(Continued on page 55)

# TRADE IN YOUR OLD SEX MACHINE

★ If you have sufficient youth—either chronological or spiritual youth—to contemplate a few more years of romantic endeavors, it would be wise to begin to adjust yourself to automation. For automation is coming.

Automation is the use of machines to replace humans. Automated factories are already here. Eventually, we are certain to become a people who push buttons, rather than do any labor ourselves. It stands to reason that button-pushing will invade phases of our culture other than industry.

We cannot stop the advance of automation in our lives, any more than we can stop a man from ogling Marilyn Monroe; both are inevitable.

Things won't happen overnight. We won't wake up tomorrow to find that the machines have taken over, and that all we need to make out with a girl is a can of oil. It will be a slow process, slow and gradual, but relentless.

It is happening already.

Look at the courtship of today, as opposed to

that of 50 years ago.

Do you serenade your lady love, with your little ukulele? No, you put a dime in the juke-box and let the machine serenade her. That's a little bit of automation.

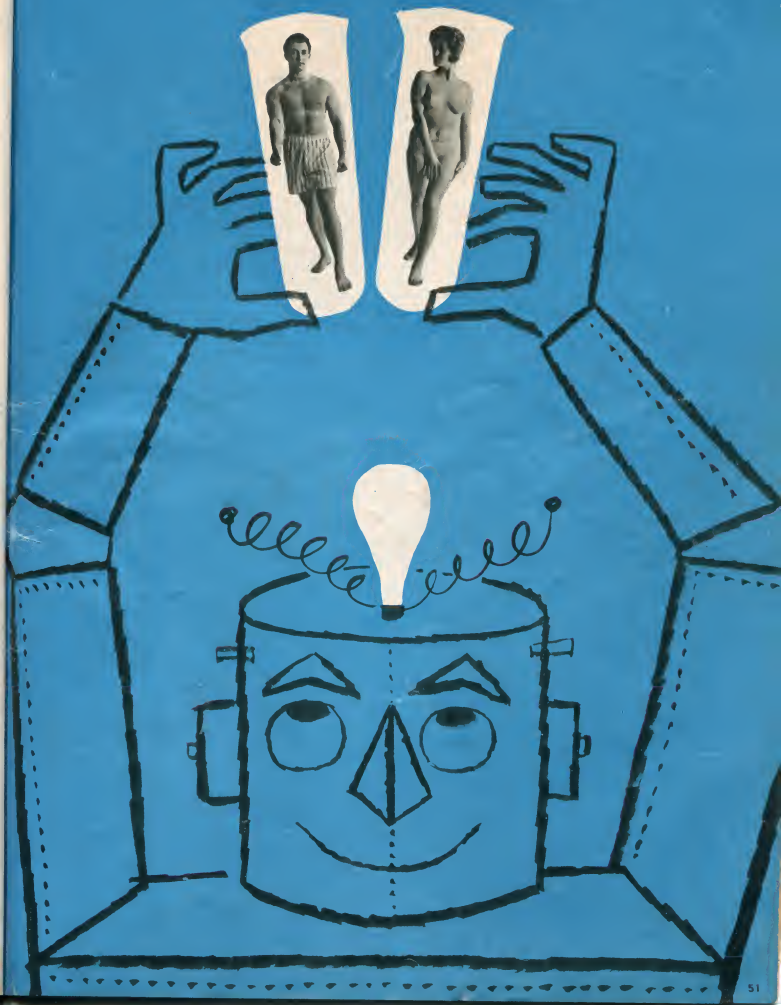
Do you whisper tender sentiments into her shell-like ear, and gradually wear down her resistance by skillful conversation? Not bloody likely. Today, it's simpler to ply her with bourbon, an example of distilled automation.

So automation has, quietly and sneakily, been at work for many years. You can call it progress, or modern living, or American initiative if you want to—but it really is just automation, in its formative years.

There can be no doubt as to what the future holds; the doubt is simply how far off the future is. So let us look into this nebulous future, and see how automated romance will work.

Let us take a boy by the name of Chuck Steak and a little half-Irish, (Continued on page 72)

*If it should come to pass that automated romance  
takes over our sex life, the cry heard  
round the world will be "Progress be damned" . . .*



## IT TAKES MORE THAN A BROAD JUMP TO MAKE A BROAD JUMP

(Continued from page 7)

breaking amount of money.

Another track star, Harry Hopewell, proved to be even more of a dud. Harry is a champion hurdler and he really works at it. He practices as many hours as possible every day even to the extent of turning down a beautiful babe who's been openly chasing him and declaring her willingness to play house with him. But Harry won't give her a tumble and continues to practice. Now any guy who would rather jump a hurdle than jump . . . well, as we said, he's a dud.

Dusty Fletcher is one of the best known baseball players in the country. His lifetime batting average is .338 and he's been selected for the all-Star game many times. Dusty is single, good-looking and carefree and as he travels with his team from city to city there are always plenty of gals waiting for him at the hotels they check into.

Dusty is an eager beaver Casanova with the first doll he dates in town and he doesn't stop trying till he scores. But the chicks he goes out with on the following two nights usually complain that he only makes half-hearted passes at them and acts as if he doesn't expect to wind up occupying milady's bedchamber.

A close friend once questioned Dusty about this and after some head scratching Dusty replied, "I reckon it's a result of my experiences in baseball. I'm pretty much of a .333 hitter, getting one hit out of three times at bat and I guess after I get one hit I sort of subconsciously let down the next two times. A tip therefore to Dusty's girl friends. Fight like hell to be the first one in town he goes stepping with. If not, you'll probably wind up striking out."

John Collison is a weight-lifter and has won several Mr. America and Mr. Universe titles. He is the body beautiful and the damsels swoon when they see pictures of him in his abbreviated trunks. His magnificent physique makes the females giddy with desire as they dream about being swept on his couch by him and made ardent, powerful love to. So what happens when John has a tryst with some

panting babe in his den of iniquity? After some preliminary necking, Mr. Wonderful carries her to his bed where he starts to undress her, lovingly removing each article of clothing until she's as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard but much more appetizing. Now John starts to take off his clothes but as he does so, he catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror. He gets up as he continues to get undressed, never taking his eyes off his torso. He watches as he flexes his muscles and gazes at himself with admiration. And the poor girl? Her passion is greater than ever now as she eyes his great body. She calls to him, pleads with him to come to her but she might just as well be in another world for John is so enraptured with his own male beauty that she is lost to him. And while he's entranced, she gets out of bed, dons her clothes and slips unnoticed out of the flat. It is late at night but if the elevator man is still alert and understands the look in her eyes, he can be the

lucky recipient of her aroused but unfulfilled ardor. And what about Mr. Torso's sex life? It is forgotten in his self-love, his narcissism.

Anthony Quatro, the number one wrestling idol of the country is another washout. A nut about physical conditioning, he insists on doing a strenuous round of calisthenics every night before going to bed, even if there's a luscious babe waiting in it for him. As a result he's often too pooped out to do either of them any good. On those occasions when the doll has him so excited he forgoes the calisthenics, the chances are that as he hugs her he'll forget he's not wrestling and, getting her in a strangle or some other kind of hold he will break her rib cage. And that'll be the end of this evening's fun.

We do know of some athletes who are good lovers. In track and field, Bill Powell, the broad jumper is very good. In swimming, breast-stroker Stan Wilson is excellent too. But all in all, while we will not make the general statement that athletes are lousy lovers, our case histories prove that the specific, individual athletes we have studied are lousy lovers.



## THE TWO HAPPIEST PEOPLE

(Continued from page 18)

sitting, Charles?" she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" He touched her elbow, indicating their direction; they made their way through the packed room to the booth he had left and sat down opposite each other. He settled himself, careful to adjust his coat in a particular way over his stomach. "It's just that when I see you I forget where I am."

The girl propped her smart tan handbag on the table, up against a mirror designed for reflecting hands and glasses. "I like your excuse," she said. "I forgive you."

"I ordered two of the usual—I hope you don't mind. I wanted to save time—I have very good news—"

"Oh, Charles." She stared at his hair and her smile was almost full. "You *did* it—you had it cut the way I said!"

"You like it?" He ran his hand through his hair and grinned, awkward and half-embarrassed. "I was afraid it might look silly."

"Oh Charles—you look fifteen years younger."

The man's face glowed. He chuckled. "According to what you said yesterday that would make me about twenty-five."

The girl's eyes shone in their unique way. "Or even less."

The man had watched the girl as she smiled, watched her lips as they formed words, her eyes as they studied his hair. His eyes misted over and he reached across the table for her hand. He pulled it across to his side and cupped it in both of his. "We're going to be the happiest two people on earth," he said. "I know it." He paused, as if for an answer. "I'm going to give you all the things you've never had, and you're going to help make up for the things I've missed. Right, sweetheart?"

"Of course—of course it is." And suddenly she drew her hand away.

Loss filled the man's face and his hands lay empty on the table. The girl nodded in the direction behind the man. "Sorry, darling," she said—"our waiter."

"Oh!" Immediately happiness was back in the man's face and he leaned

over to whisper to the girl. "I love your modesty," he said. "I love you for it!"

The girl raised her eyebrows in apology. "It's probably silly. It's probably very silly."

"It's not silly—" the low, quick tones. "It's the lady in you and I love it!" He pulled back as the waiter's thigh pressed against their table.

"Two V. O.'s with water," the waiter said.

When he was gone the girl circled the frost-covered glass with her hand. "Perfect." Slowly she opened and closed her hand around the glass. "It was hot outside." She lifted the glass, inclined it toward the man, and drank. "Umm—good."

The man wore his blissful look, the soft eyes glowing and playing over the girl as before. Without looking away he felt for the rectangle of cigarettes that lay on the table and held them out to her.

"No—thank you"

"Oh, I forgot—I always forget."

His smile took on a father-like benevolence. With his eyes still on her, he drew a cigarette from the package, lighted it, inhaled deeply, and exhaled to one side. "—but don't think it's unimportant to me. Actually I'm proud that you don't smoke."

"Then I'm glad," the girl said.

The man tried to force the smile from his face and pretend a pout. "But you don't seem very much interested in my news."

"What news?"

"Don't you remember? When you first got here I told you I had good news."

"No—I don't! That was when I got so excited over your hair I guess—"

"Oh, darling!" The man's move was abrupt and almost upset the girl's glass as he snatched for her hand and pulled it toward his side of the table.

"That's what I love about you. You always build me up—you never tear me down." He held tightly to her hand and there was more than mist in his eyes now.

"You're the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me—sometimes I think—"

"Now Charles—is this the good news you had for me?"

"No, darling—" He reached for his handkerchief and used it. "Sorry." His smile was back now, though a bit wobbly. "It's about Janet and the divorce."

"No!"

"Yes. She came to my office this morning—she and her lawyer. She's reconsidered—She's going to give me the divorce."

"Oh, Charles—I can't believe it!"

"It's true, darling. All the details were ironed out this morning—everyone of them—she's leaving for Reno next week."

"Oh Charles, how wonderful!" She sat staring at the man as though she could not take in what she heard. "But tell me—" she said after a moment, "how is it she came to change her mind so quickly?"

"Simple. She said after thinking it over she decided that if I didn't want her she shouldn't want me."

"Oh . . . That sounds rather sad, doesn't it?"

"Yes—yes, it does. But what can you do? If you stop loving someone—I mean, if you fall in love with someone else—there's nothing you can do, is there?"

"No . . . I suppose not."

"I have another surprise for you." He took a small velvet box from his pocket, opened it and held it toward the girl.

The girl did not take the box; instead she sat as if transfixed by the fiery stone housed within the dull little shell.

"What is it?"

"Your engagement ring." The man laughed.

Still looking, the girl flexed the fingers of her left hand and felt with her thumb for the ring she was wearing. "But what about this one? This one must have cost you—"

"That's for second best." He took hold of the ring and slipped it from her finger, replacing it with the larger one. He held the girl's finger and turned it from side to side; the large stone shot its sharp fire right, then left. "Besides, this one's to prove something."

"To prove what?"

"How much I love you." He leaned close. "I'm not very good at words, darling, and I don't like comparisons

—but there's something I want to tell you." He laid his finger over the flashing square of light. "Of all the things I ever gave Janet—all those thirty years—" he tapped the ring, "all of them added up didn't cost what this ring did."

"Why Charles—" The girl's smile disappeared.

"I knew that would make you happy."

The girl closed her eyes. "Yes." She rose from the booth. "Will you excuse me a moment, please, Charles?"

The man was up at once. "Anything wrong, darling?"

"No," the girl said. "No—it's just that at times like this I like to be alone for a moment." The little half smile was back again. "Whenever something especially nice has happened to me I always like to be alone for a moment. Understand, darling?"

"Of course. Just promise me you'll hurry back."

"I promise."

The girl reached the rest room door, looked back and saw that the man's eyes had followed her. Still wearing the little smile she pursed her lips toward him, pulled the heavy door and entered. The rest room was empty. As if she could go no further she stood where she was and nervously fumbled in her bag until she had withdrawn a cigarette. She lighted it, drew until her lungs were deeply filled, then sank back against the door with her head thrown back and her eyes closed. She exhaled slowly.

"Son of a bitch!" she said.

## THE FRENCH PINCH

(Continued from page 17)

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17—Cecile stayed overnight, but so, it turned out, did Annette. She was under the bed all the time. We had a nice breakfast of bread and wine. It seems the two girls were old friends—they once worked in the same call girl ring—and so they had many things to discuss and gossip to catch up on.

I left while they were still talking and began my patrol. At inspection time I was given six demerits—three for having bloodshot eyes, two for dirty shoes and the usual one for not having my trousers zipped up. It was a dull and ordinary day, except that I arrested an American tourist for disturbing the peace. He was trying to take a drink from the fountain. That wouldn't have been so bad, but he kept asking, "When do they turn on the chocolate malted?"

I keep thinking what Cecile could have meant about the key. Tonight, I quizzed her again. And, while she was cold sober, I asked her. "What key?" she said, with her bare face hanging out. The rest of her was bare, too, so I had not the heart to pursue the matter. Maybe tomorrow.

THURSDAY, Sept. 18—It has been a rough day. I woke up with screaming in my little room. Annette and Cecile were fighting, and Cecile, with her knowledge of jiu jitsu, was

turning poor Annette into a bloody pulp. How I laughed! It turned out they were cutting up old touches when Annette began to use a real knife.

I ran out of there quite fast. Another demerit. And, to make the day even more miserable, the inspector called me on the carpet. "Villeur," he said, "if you don't crack the case of the stolen frog's legs by Saturday, I will take away from you your little black book." I simply MUST crack the case. So I went over to Chez Zelda, in disguise. I dressed up as an apache. That was a mistake, because there was another apache there—a real one—and he began to ask me all sorts of inside questions, which I couldn't answer. So he called to Zelda, "Zelda, I think here is a dirty police spy," and Zelda threw a tureen of onion soup at me. Ordinarily, I like onion soup, but not in the lap. Besides, this did not have enough garlic for my taste.

So I went home, without any progress and with severe burns on my upper legs and lower abdomen. Annette was there, badly bruised, and we sympathized with each other. She is not a bad sort, when you get to know her. We discussed the case of the stolen frog's legs and she had a sound suggestion. "Find the key," she said, "and maybe it will unlock the mystery." I could have killed her.

FRIDAY, Sept. 19—I did it, I did it, by Georges, I really did it! I broke the case. I mustered up all my courage, and went to Cecile in the cold light of day and said, "Mademoiselle, as a gendarme of the city of Paris, country of France, I demand you tell me what you meant about the key."

She said, "Well, since you put it like that, I have no choice." And she reached down the front of her dress—or where the front would have been if she'd been wearing a dress at the time—and there was a key, affixed with tape to the left side of her left breast. No one would ever have found it there.

I said, "Mademoiselle, to what lock does this key belong?" (Secretly, I wondered if the lock were perhaps taped somewhere else.) She said nothing, but led me by the hand to a small door, hidden beneath the pot where the beef Bourguignon was sim-



mering. I opened the small door with the key, and then, for kicks, put it back where I had found it. And there, in a small hole behind the door, was — a whole bowl full of frog's legs.

I quickly put two and two together and figured that Zelda had only reported the frog's legs stolen to collect on her insurance. (She carries comprehensive). Then I turned to arrest Zelda, but she stabbed herself with a bread knife.

Just to test my theory again, I retrieved the key from Cecile, reopened the door, put the key back. I did this several times. By then, I no longer had any interest in frog's legs. I took Cecile along to quiz her some more. I thought she might know something about who killed Cock Robin or something. It was most educational.

SATURDAY, Sept. 20 — I am now a sergeant. There comes with this promotion, of course, a larger salary. I need it. I now have two apartments to keep, one for Annette and one for Cecile.

I have also worked up a new motto, as a result of my experience on the case of the stolen frog's legs. Instead of merely *cherchez la femme* — now I am resolved always to *searchez la femme*. Never can tell what sinister thing might be taped to their anatomy. Even if the search is futile, it will be good sport.

The inspector gave me a pat on the back, which was a mistake as my back is still sore. He also gave me a new case to work on. Seems a respectable cognac manufacturer of the 6th arrondissement reports some cognac stolen last Saturday night. I do not believe this case will ever be solved.

## BATTLE OF THE SEXES

### HE SAYS: YES

(Continued from page 49)

There were so many males panting for the favors of the eligible gals that the latter were in a position to dictate their terms. And their terms were as follows: 1) Guys to do all the hard work. 2) Dames to reap all the benefits thereof.

But things have changed. Women

are no longer in short supply. In fact there's an overabundance of them — something like 102 %'s for every 100 men. (We can't figure out that 5% of a woman. She's probably the flat-chested one who squawks hardest about working.)

Still and all we suckers continue catering to the opposite sex. While wifey lies abed snoring to beat the band, the poor dope who is laughingly called the head of the house sets forth to earn the family bread. He's the one who argues with the boss, gets bawled out by the customers, is kicked around by the tax collector and develops ulcers.

(This, by the way, explains why the obituary pages in the newspapers are full of grisly items about men dropping dead in their forties and fifties while most of the women seem to kick the bucket at ages ranging from eighty-five to one hundred and two, whereupon they leave the hard-earned family fortune to a home for stray cats.)

Fellas, it's time we got wise to what the dames are doing to us, at least in this country. Elsewhere the men have continued to exercise their prerogatives as red-blooded males and kept their females where they belong—which is wherever hard work is to be found. The European husband doesn't take any nonsense from his spouse and when he barks out an order that's it! If he tells wifey to fetch his slippers and pipe she fetches his slippers and pipe with no back talk. The same goes for other places like Japan, Mexico and the South American countries.

Ever seen a picture of a Mexican couple with a burro? Then you know who's riding the burro and who's trudging behind. Even a Mexican peasant isn't so dumb as to give up his seat to a woman. *He's* the one who's tired.

And why are the native African women so well stacked? Is it from lounging around the hut while hubby is out in the fields working himself to a frazzle? Is it not. Those native dames, erect and firm-breasted, carry themselves so proudly because ever since they were old enough to toddle around they've been carrying heavy loads on their heads. They're also the ones who till the soil, work the fields, do the planting, the harvesting and other types of hard work. The men, meanwhile, do what men should do. They're the hunters, the planners, the bosses.

And so the African men live to a ripe old age instead of dropping dead just when they're getting their second wind.

Ever since the dawn of civilization it's the male who's been the creator. He's the inventor, the artist, the composer. He's the one who's got most of that gray matter upstairs and so he has to be the thinker. Therefore, when a wife sees her husband taking it easy on the sofa with a faraway look in his eyes she should respect the importance of the situation. Maybe the guy's thinking deep thoughts. Maybe he's about to stumble upon some revolutionary invention like the wheel, or the printing press, or cold beer.

Instead of nagging at him to take out the garbage, wash the car, fix the kitchen sink, or nail down the roof, the wife should learn to do those jobs herself. She can ask for his advice and he'll gladly give it to her. He'll tell her how to do those jobs better, but he mustn't be expected to exert his brain cells and his back muscles.

Ideally, a husband and his wife should form a team, one planning, the other executing. If they want to be happy together they should forget all this hogwash about women being the frailer sex. There ain't a darned thing frail about women, expect maybe in the brains department, but that's not their fault.

They're solidly built so that they can bring forth young and they're capable of long, sustained effort. The only trouble is that they've been getting away with murder for so long that their muscles have become flabby.

Just let them do a fair share of the hard work and they'll not only feel better but also look better. And that, fellas, is what we want from our women.

### SHE SAYS: NO!

As a woman I've heard men spout plenty of unadulterated bull, but for sheer nonsense and blathering hot air the wise guy who wrote that tripe on the facing page takes the cake. He makes me so mad that I'm sure that if I were ever to meet him when I had a good, strong broom in my hand I'd let him have it where it would do most good.

So it seems that we women don't do enough hard work! Where's this

(Continued on page 64)



*"Harold — was I with you last evening?"*



## SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO BE NEEDED

(Continued from page 39)

themselves thus branded, not against their will as in Raya's case, but voluntarily?

The first man I asked point blank why he had had himself tattooed, shrugged. "I dunno," he said. "Search me."

"But there must be a reason, 'Surely you didn't have it done without knowing why?'"

"When you find out, buddy," he said, "you tell me!"

I've talked to a good many more tattooed person since, and read whatever was available on the subject, and I've concluded people will go to any lengths to have a sense of belonging, or to be different. Men have had themselves tattooed since earliest times. Egyptian mummies have been found with perfect markings on the skin. Sometimes the reasons were ornamental: perhaps the early counterpart of Joe Doakes, who lived on the banks of the Nile, thought it made him look distinguished. Or perhaps it was based on religion or superstition. It was believed that certain ornaments brought good luck, and to this day some sailors are convinced they cannot drown if a pig is tattooed on one foot and a rooster on the other. Some believe that a serpent, the symbol of eternity, brings good luck.

There have also been tattoos based on military expediency. An ancient cloak-and-dagger boy who had to convey an important message into enemy territory decided that it would be too risky to carry it on his person. If he fell into enemy hands the jig would be up. So he shaved his head, had the message tattooed on his bald plate and waited until hair again covered his skull. Then, perfectly safe, he crossed the enemy lines.

In modern days some persons believe that tattoos have medicinal properties. One man who suffered from frequent spells of rheumatism had a new ornament placed on his skin during each crisis and claimed to get instantaneous relief. After a few years his body looked like a blueprint for a diesel locomotive, but he was perfectly happy about it. No rheumatism.

One man was convinced that his vision would become keener if the

area around the nipples on his breasts were tattooed so as to make them look like additional eyes. He theorized that four eyes were better than two. Perhaps it was this same character who inspired a Continental nightclub act that became popular some years ago. The show girls had firm, spare bodies and small breasts. A make-up artist painted a nose and mouth on the girls' abdomens and drew eyebrows above the breasts. He touched up the later with eyelashes and added other realistic details. Then a huge hat was placed over the girl's head and shoulders. From a distance the effect was that of a gigantic face with protuberant, roguish eyes. It generally took the audience a few moments before they realized just what they were looking at, whereupon they burst into startled laughter.

Sometimes tattoo artists show a practical turn of mind. Prominent was one who operated in a Midwest city. At the entrance to his shop he displayed the following sign: "Rosy Cheeks And Ruby Lips Tattooed On The Ladies." He did quite a brisk business too. Other artists tattooed permanent stockings on ladies. If you think this sounds silly, remember that during the shortage of nylons in World War II, vast quantities of a liquid were sold which simulated sheer hose when it dried on the legs.

After ladies become customers of the tattoo parlors it was inevitable that some would turn operators themselves. In grandpa's time several women enjoyed considerable success and prosperity as tattoo artists. Unlike men who favored masculine designs such as ships, dragons breathing fire, and flags of all nations, women leaned towards religious symbols such as crosses and angels. One lady, a frustrated painter, used the back of one customer to reproduce Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Another female tattooist—in England in the late 19th century—suggested a law be passed making it mandatory for every married person to have a wedding ring tattooed on the third finger of the left hand. A real ring, she explained, could be removed, but the other could not; this would be a deterrent against extra marital hanky-panky. It is not known if this female

was a moralist worried about errant husbands and wives, or merely a shrewd businesswoman. In any event, the law was defeated and she continued tattooing butterflies and flowers instead of wedding rings.

Some practitioners gained fame in a lifetime of wielding the needles. The two most notable names in the history of American tattooing are Samuel F. O'Reilly and his pupil Charlie Wagner who operated in the early part of this century. Each called himself "Professor", a title that never failed to impress the customers. Tom Riley did the most to advance the art by inventing the electric apparatus now in use. Heretofore the dyes had been pricked into the skin by hand, a procedure that was long, tedious and, generally, painful. The machines, (a different one for each color) are almost painless when used by a skilled operator. Some say that the sensation is not unpleasant, something like a massage with an electric vibrator. Others declare that it feels like having a tooth drilled—before the dentist hits the nerve.

Among native peoples such as the New Zealand Maoris and the South Sea Islanders where tattooing was always popular, the pain is a necessary part of the process, and the experience is considered part of the initiation ceremony signifying that a youth has reached manhood. To prove his virility he must be able to withstand pain; thus, the more tattoos the braver the man.

The current New York phone directory does not list a single tattoo parlor, although I do know of one in midtown, near Madison Square Garden. When I went to interview the owner I found him to be rather surly and close-mouthed. Either he had had a bad day or else he thought I was seeking out the secrets of his trade in order to become a competitor. He refused to divulge any information at all beyond the fact that he was prepared to tattoo any and all comers if they were not underage or drunk.

It is interesting that even though the phone directory does not list anyone you can go to for a tattoo, the directory does list two establishments under the heading TATTOOS REMOVED. Louise Roberts, whose headquarters are in Boston, Mass., advertises that her services are painless and complete and that New Yorkers can see her locally by special

appointment. Her colleague, Murray M. Stein, a resident of Philadelphia, states that he removes tattoos safely and permanently.

You may wonder why, having gone to all the trouble of getting a tattoo, one would wish to eliminate it. There are, of course, a number of reasons. One individual grown to maturity may wish to do away with a symbol of youthful indiscretion. Another, madly in love with, say, Gussie Hasenfeffer when he first rushed into the tattoo parlor, is now smitten with Penelope O'Toole. Off comes Gussie's name and on goes Penelope's. A third, even more scatterbrained, may once have been foolish enough to have an obscene picture emblazoned on his chest. These, by the way, can sometimes be found not only on men but also women. One lady sported a serpent with his head pointing to a suggestive part of her body. Another, a prostitute with a sense of humor, proudly displayed to her clients a picture of two fierce cavalymen brandishing swords just above her lower abdomen with the text: "Entrance Forbidden." When men order bawdy designs they often favor those whose effect derives from mobility. Belly dancers are much in favor and possessors of these learn to move their muscles so the dancers perform with interesting wiggles.

Removing a tattoo used to be an operation done by burning the skin. Today, three methods are used, depending on the type and location of the design. One is chemical, another electrical, and a third surgical. The simplest and cheapest way of hiding a compromising picture is to tattoo over and around it so as to form a new pattern. This is a skill not unlike that of the vaudeville artist who draws an egg, changes it into a face, and finally winds up with something completely different.

The vast majority of customers for tattoos come from the working class but some are strictly bluebloods. The Grand Duke Nicholas was tattooed; so were Don Juan of Spain and King Frederick of Denmark. Prince Francis of Teck, father of the late Queen Mary of England, displayed a frog on his arm, and King George V was said to have a dragon on his back. Field Marshal (now Lord) Montgomery of Alamein proudly sports a butterfly on his right arm.

Although rare, there are a few cases where tattooing has actually proved

to be useful. During World War II a number of soldiers had their blood type marked under the arm. In case of an emergency transfusion there could be no doubt as to the type required. And more recently a New York plastic surgeon developed a technique for masking ugly port-wine birthmarks by tattooing natural skin colors over the stain.

Although interest in the art of tattooing is once more on the decline, it is unlikely that it will ever disappear altogether. And, in the years to come, when interplanetary travel becomes routine, the man at the controls may well be displaying rockets or other appropriate designs on his arm.

## NAUGHTY GIRLS WITH HEARTS OF GOLD

*(Continued from page 26)*

pretend that you don't have one. Anybody with a heart of gold that is visible on the surface obviously needs no comment since the golden heart is there for everybody to observe. It takes a perspicacious and penetrating eye to find beneath the superficiality of an apparently hardened criminal—and a prostitute in most countries but a few in the Far East is a criminal—to discover this liquid, syrupy and throbbing heart of gold. Prostitutes for centuries have been thought of as wronged ladies whose normal attitude is a benign one. This is despite the fact that the normal prostitute (if indeed there is such a thing as a normal prostitute) is about as benign as a water moccasin or a Gulf Coast hurricane.

What makes a girl become a prostitute? The answer is: the girl. It is useful for purposes of lacy fiction to attribute her plight to the seductive and lip-smacking maneuvers of her employer, or the TV repairman or the boy next door. The myth is, of course, that he, promising the world, gives her nothing more important than himself, and her downfall is a result of his perfidy. Once traduced, the girl, according to the historical novels whose heroines are always called Daphne, Pamela or Manuella, has no alternative but to sink into a cesspool

of commercial sin from which she, of course, may never raise her by-now bleached hair. But although she may never show her blondined hair, she has now acquired something that she is more than willing to show, and that is not what you think at all. It is her heart of gold, shimmering in its shy way but as resplendent as either a sunrise or a sunset, depending on what time this chick gets to bed.

The plain fact, as all sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists and anyone not blinded by his oozy sentimentality, knows is that life in a brothel never provided anybody with anything except a more generous salary than a girl would get clerking in a ten cent store. There is no reason to believe that a heart of gold is born into a bagnio. Prostitution, as it is practiced in 1961, is as cold-blooded an enterprise as a loan company. Nobody has ever represented a loan shark, as having a heart of gold. As a matter of fact, having a heart of gold would be as fatal to a prostitute's business as having three heads, all of different colors. She is marketing a commodity in a world of merchandizing and the unique thing about her commodity is that it is not unique. Half of the human beings in the world have what she is selling. So in order to market it efficiently, she has to develop what would be a glacially cynical attitude. Hers has to be the attitude of the farmer trying to sell 200 bushels of corn in an area where every other farmer has 200 bushels of corn. One whit of a heart of gold and the farmer is dead.

Most sociologists who examine the question of prostitutes on a dispassionate basis have discovered that girls become prostitutes for many reasons—but all of them based upon dough. Although it is not generally known except to experts in the field, most prostitutes, far from being glamorous girls are really ridiculous. They tend toward moronic I.Q.'s and toward rather childish attitudes about life. Most people regard the beginning of a union between a man and a woman as important. What the prostitute regards as important is its ending.

Social investigators in London, which despite centuries of propaganda to the contrary, is the naughtiest town in the world, have discovered that English girls become prostitutes for what can be only crazy reasons. They have learned, for instance, that a lot of English girls



Of course he's in Heaven . . . he's reading MONSIEUR\*— the magazine for men with hormones MONSIEUR\*— the magazine for men whose minds are on the girls . . . MONSIEUR\*— the magazine for men with a salty sense of humor. MONSIEUR\*— whose latest issue will make you gasp at the amazing fotos of fabulous females by Haygee and Cambazard and that is jam-packed with articles, fiction, humor, cartoons, gags and gals . . .

**\* MONSIEUR**

. . . the magazine that is sometimes pronounced M'SIEU, MON-SOOR and MA-SEER. So don't pronounce it — BUY IT!! On sale November 14th.

become naughty because they have a craving for chocolate, which in England is very expensive and for which a stenographer working for 7 Pounds 10 shillings (roughly \$23.00) a week, couldn't afford. If she gets 2 or 3 pounds from each of her male customers (roughly \$6.00 or \$9.00) she can afford to buy chocolates until they come out of her ears.

Other girls become prostitutes for equally crazy reasons. There is a famous girl in Paris with the improbable name of Mignonette who became a prostitute to buy an automobile. She didn't want to buy a French car at all, or an American one, neither of which she felt were chi-chi enough for her. What she wanted to buy was a Jaguar, and the color she wanted was orchid. Mignonette now drives up and down the Champs Elysees in her orchid Jaguar and she finds this a most rewarding gain for her—shall we say successful, or shall we say foolish?—behavior. The heart-of-gold concept extends in other directions. The mythology includes the fact that many prostitutes, especially in Europe, are plying their trade in order to accumulate enough money to buy a small shop, at which point their hearts of gold become really hearts of gold. Actually, a French shopkeeper is about as mercenary as a Broadway showgirl, and it might be that the little girl peddling up and down the Rue Caumartin is a considerably more genial and angelic creature doing what she is doing than when she runs a dress-shop in the Rue du Rivoli.

The fact is, as any fool would know, that merchandising sex is one of the most difficult operations known to human beings. It demands cunning, guile and the dexterity of a serpent since, as noted above, the girl merchandising herself is in direct and violent competition with half the population in the world. The man who invented the ballpoint pen or the man who invented the soap that floats may have a difficult time selling his product but at least it is exclusive. However, the girl, in attempting to sell herself has, and this should be obvious to everybody, about as much time to support a heart of gold as she has to take a two-months cruise in the Caribbean. Her trade is by nature as harsh as the jungle in which, it may be said, she lives. Her competitors are vile and vindictive, largely because what they have to sell isn't exactly rare.

This is not meant in any way to be a condemnation of the prostitute. To condemn prostitution, an art many people practise apparently because they are totally unrealistic, is akin to condemning the common house-fly. It is banal to say that there have always been prostitutes, but it is none the less the fact. There always have been, and it is obvious that there always will be. They fill a position in our economic scheme of things which must be filled, and to denounce them on any grounds, moral, sociological or ideological, may get to page 4 of your local newspaper but it has nothing to do with the realities of the situation, which are that the girls will go on working and that men will go on paying them for their work. To attack prostitution is about like attacking a broken arm. People fall and break their arms, and girls fall—if you call it falling—and 'become naughty girls.

This writer knows of a girl who hasn't a heart of gold but who has a heart of lead and who works in New York. Her specialty is pleasing the whims and vagaries of elderly gentlemen from such places as St. Paul, Denver and New Orleans. One of her favorite customers likes to tie her in a rubber bag and kick her. For this fancy he pays her \$250. Another of her customers is a gentleman who likes to hang her with two belts around her wrists to the door-frame of his hotel. The going price for this transaction is \$200. Another customer, a highly regarded member of his community at Des Moines, likes to take pictures of her with nothing on. Whether or not he ever develops these pictures is questionable, but it is not questionable at all that she gets from this service \$150. Is it to be thought that this girl has a heart of gold. The basic fact about naughty girls is basic. They are naughty, in most cases, because they are adolescents. They have never grown up because life has not forced them to grow up. They are children playing in a sand box on an endless summer afternoon, and the breezes which sweep their golden curls are those of dollar bills or English pound notes or French francs. They are in their business like other people are in their business—for one thing, and that is money.

So in that respect it might be said that all prostitutes have hearts of gold—solid, rock-like golden gold.

## BIZARRE IS THE VOGUE IN MADEMOISELLE'S MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 22)

is a silky, low-fi sun tan, as good to own as it is to look at. And the only pebbles on this summer's beach are the *Attractive Updated*, the people aware of both the sun's enormous lure and its whole new lure. Hopelessly passé are the *Sun-Greedy*, who fantastically devour the sun in reckless, feckles helpings; the *Sun Chickens*, pale and uninteresting, curiously old—whatever their age... all summer long; the *Lobster*; the *Peeler*; and the *Belle Sauvage*, so brown she seems to have no feature at all, just startling teeth and eyeballs. What then, is the new sun tan lore? Just this: a simple, logical system (why didn't someone think of it before?) called *Exposure, Ltd.*; the grasp that a watch and bottle (of sun-screen lotion) are the core of faultless tanning even for the sun-pros. A bad burn's unmodern—not misfortune, but miscalculation...

—from copy in *Vogue*,

When Alice, in Lewis Carroll's *Alice In Wonderland*, fell down the rabbit-hole, she entered a "topsy-turvy world", one in which "everything was as it isn't," where the laws of logic were to no avail, and where everybody had to "run as fast as they could just to stay in the same place."

To achieve a reasonable facsimile of Alice's adventures, lacking a rabbit hole, all that is needed to undergo a similar harrowing feeling or experience are some magazines devoted to a female audience. Everything is topsy-turvy, things are as they aren't, logic is useless, and a four minute mile will find you losing ground.

Male delvers into the pages of these magazines have been known to become completely disassembled, falling to the floor, sobbing and crying that they have been delivered to madmen, or, in this case, madwomen. There is even recorded evidence that the prose of said magazines can curdle a man's knees with more efficiency

than a dozen shots of bourbon over a morning hangover. Some questions need answers. Do the vertigo-producing no-sequiturs, the wildly irrational misuse of words and the sentences that defy understanding threaten our common language? Does the bizarre prose tend to undermine the remaining sanity of our cherished mothers, wives, and female children?

In an effort to answer these pressing questions, this reporter, at great risk to his physical and mental well being, secreted himself in the offices of the most, by general consensus, notorious offender of them all:

#### *Schmademoiselle.*

What follows is a verbatim report: SCENE: The conference chambers, the Thought Sanctum of *Schmademoiselle* magazine. The portion of the room observable at rise consists of furnishings that display taste but little ostentation: a kidney-shaped conference table, a buttock-shaped chaise lounge, a lung-shaped hi-fi stereo console, an assortment of derriere-shaped chairs, a couple of dozen Jackson Pollocks, Tintorellos, Grandma Moses' and Breughels. These, of course, invest the premises—affectionately referred to as the "saliva-sphering headquarters"—with an air of très chic,

and accentuated with the presence on stage of Miss Verna Mish-Agash, a svelte, poised woman in her mid-thirties, editor-in-chief, and four of her fashion editors, Misses Van-Tan, Livver-Pils, Paradize-Luste, and Jones. As the curtain rises, Verna is stalking glumly around the room while the rest of the *dramatis personae* are seated around the table, brows in hand, bonnets tilted back, and heavy with thought.

MISH-AGASH: (*stopping in mid stalk*). Holy pussy cats, girls, let's get this brainstorming session up in the stratosphere, can't we?

VAN-TAN: Who's shilly-shallying? We've been sitting around this crummy table for the last three hours.

MISH-AGASH: Well, stand up. Stalk around, lie down—do something, just stop looking like that nitwit statue of The Thinker or The Ruminator or whatever the damnation it's called. Anybody have an idea for the false ears campaign for our winter issue?

VAN-TAN: Chief, I'm only throwing a virgin in the sack to see if she gets knocked up, but...

MISH-AGASH: Come on, never mind the chicken fat. Expectorate it out.

VAN-TEN: Something along the lines of 'No matter how much time and thought you spend, you can't look your loveliest with natural ears—quivering while they overhear gossip... the vacant holes... the untidy bumps—all detract from your appearance.'

LIVVER-PILS: And 'the telltale earlobes...'

JONES: We can end it with a socko, 'If you need ears, wear Platinum Audio-Cheaters—and look the way you like...'

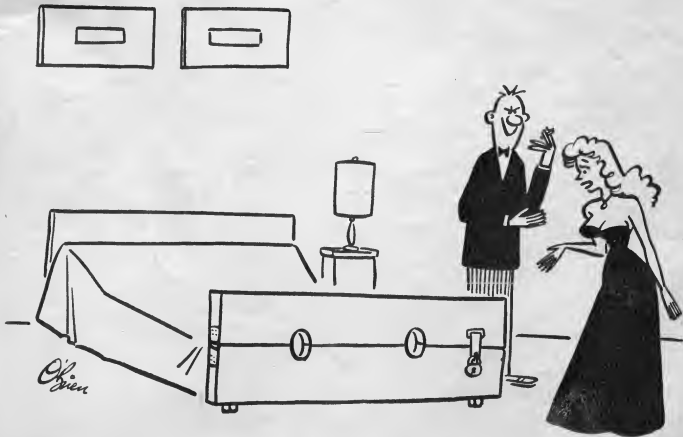
MISH-AGASH: (*musingly*) It's not the worst I've heard, but it lacks the small town touch—too confusing for our country cousins.

LIVVER-PILS: How about 'Brighten the beauty of your head with Audio-Cheaters?'

MISH-AGASH: Bah! Too square. Even Hicksdale knows from that much sophistication.

JONES: (*jumping up agitatedly*) I've got it! I've got the hooker that will make every other hooker seem old-fashioned by comparison.

MISH-AGASH: Don't tantalize us, Jones. Regurgitate.



JONES: Gals, I'm not going to mince words. 'Ears for every occasion.'

MISH-AGASH: (*wearily*) Compatriots, I'm afraid that the once finely honed intellect of Jones has been dulled by the crass commercialism of our society, has been mildewed on the shoals of senility.

VAN-TAN: Huh? Please, chief. I don't latch on to that double-dome schmalatz.

MISH-AGASH: To employ the vulgate, darling, Jones' idea is like stinko. Never your mind. It just came to me while I was doing my toe nalls.

Take this, Jones. 'We open with a conversation I had with my dearest friend, the other day, when she told me she was surprised at the thought of her grandmother, from Seymour, Vermont, wearing false ears. I told her yes, yes, yes, providing, of course, she's still alive and if she could find her real ears to attach them to. No old biddy need suffer from decaying cartilage because . . . You finish it yourself, Jones.

ENTIRE CAST: (*con brio*) Hooray!

LIVVER-PILS: (*her eyes awestruck in adulation*) I won't beat around the thicket, chief, that was A-O. K. boffo.

MISH-AGASH: Thank you girls, thank you. But, enough adulation. Leave us scramble our brains on the COLLAR HOLLER.

PARADIZE-LUSTE: What?

MISH-AGASH: It's about time you woke up, Miss Paradize-Luste. Those sun-glasses of yours don't pull the dacron over anybody's eyes. Tell her, Jones.

JONES: For your information, darling, COLLAR HOLLER is part of our Clothes-Chatter column—the neck news department.

PARADIZE-LUSTE: (*exhaling*) Judas Priest!

MISH-AGASH: Now, look here, Luste, sacrilege in this office is *verboten, capishe?* On with the suggestions, girls.

LIVVER-PILS: What about that separate collar we saw the other day—the one made in the form of a hangman's noose? Real rope, too.

MISH-AGASH: Ugh! Too Marquis de Sadish.

JONES: That Ubangi tribe ring job made out of elephant intestines?

MISH-AGASH: (*wringing her hands*) Holy Dior! It's too esoteric for our little sheep. We're shepherds, Jones, not psychoanalysts. Take this: 'One of our angriest looks coming will be the Peter Pan collar especially if it's attached to a blouse.'

ENTIRE CAST: (*bedazzled*) A distillation of the thematic essence, so to speak.

MISH-AGASH: You're not saying this because I could fire all of you faster than I can jack up my brassiere? You gals really like it?

JONES: Like it, Chief? It's-er-genius.

MISH-AGASH: I'm glad we're like one big happy family. Now, on to INSIDENESS.

PARADIZE-LUSTE: What?

MISH-AGASH: (*menacingly*): That's enough out of you, Luste. Ladies, since INSIDENESS deals with the inner essence and strivings of our fair sex, I feel it unnecessary to trouble you for ideas in this area. After all, (*chuckle*) you can't get Arpège out of a rock. Jones, pencil, if you please. 'If you haven't read a book since, say, the age of ten, you can count yourself as an illiterate.'

VAN-TAN: Such, such candor.

JONES: What straightforwardness, yet—what simplicity.

MISH-AGASH: The publisher didn't hire me for nothing, you know.

ENTIRE CAST: We know.

MISH-AGASH: (*darkly*) Knock that off. Your libido is your business, mine is mine. Anybody like to start the buzzer clanging on our winter complexion story?

LIVVER-PILS: How about, 'For wrinkles that invite wrinkles.' It's still a little fogged up in my mind, but I could iron it out. Ha, ha. That's pretty jocular, eh, gang?

MISH-AGASH: Rather amusing, Liv, but I'm afraid this is neither the time nor the place for humor. Your idea lacks euphoria, poetry, that sort of thing. Yes, Jones?

JONES: Hold tight to your girdles, gang. I think I have it. We run a photo of one of our 22 inch bust models, purple splotches all over her

face and body, sleep-walking in the jungle. The caption would read: 'I Dreamed I Got Leprosy In The Congo.'

VAN-TEN: Atta girl, Jonesy. Right on the old zipper. A follow-up just nuzzled me. We could run a whole series—Black Plague in India . . . Yellow Jaundice in China. The idea staggers the imagination.

MISH-AGASH: The rest of you girls like it?

ENTIRE CAST: Aye!

MISH-AGASH: Good grief, you're all incompetents. A pink slip will appear in your pay envelopes on Friday, lassies. Even though Jones' idea does have an exotic flavor, all of you should have realized that the idea is basically unsound. Firstly, our audience doesn't have the vaguest knowledge of geography. Secondly, it doesn't fit in with our *au naturel* motif. Thirdly, it's disgusting. outhly, that innuendo anent me and the publisher doesn't sit well. The way to handle this problem is to get on your hands and knees and look at it from the reader's point of view. Jones, the steno pad. 'This winter's classicism is a marbly, funeral death-pallor, as good to own as it is to look at. And only the corpses in the wintry graveyard are the Ghoulish-Uprooted, the bodies aware of both the embalmer's enormous lure and his whole lore. Hopelessly passé are the Necrophilic-Addicts, who fantastically haunt the cemeteries in helter, skelter leaping . . . *undo weiter*. I'll fill out the rest later.

PARADIZE-LUSTE: (*sprightly*) Hold it, Jones. 'A fatal accident's unmodern — not misfortune, but mishap.' How's that for sealing wax?

MISH-AGASH: (*awed*) Forget about the pink slip, Paradize. I'm going to double your paltry salary. By the way, does the guy who keeps you awake all night have an older brother you could intro me to?

PARADIZE-LUSTE: It just so happens, *dollink*. What say the four of us make it down to Atlantic City for the weekend?

MISH-AGASH: You dear little sexpot. To think I underestimated you. But if the publisher hears about this, you'll really get canned. Now beat it.

ENTIRE CAST: (*merely nod their heads in agreement as*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

# NO BIZ LIKE...

When it comes to exhorting their fellow females to do something for their clothes image, no individual is too sacred for the American Guild of Creative Fashion Designers. Meeting in Beverly Hills, they singled out the "Ten Worst-Dressed Actresses in Films." Among the victims of the group's needlework: Lucille Ball ("Nothing she wears makes sense, blends or compliments"), Anna Magnani ("Gives the impression of someone playing *Macbeth* in tramp clothing"), Anita Ekberg ("A 39-inch bust wearing a size 12 dress"), Millie Perkins ("A very dear and sweet person but much too honest in her refusal to correct nature's mistakes"), Shelly Winters ("Her style sense is totally unrelated to anything living or dead") and Brigitte Bardot ("It is difficult to associate Mlle. Bardot with any type of clothing").

Relaxation On The Wild West Coast Division: "Italian actress Stella Starletta tried the Marlon Brando method of relaxing on a set—squirt- ing everyone with water from a squirt gun. But Stella made the mistake of squirting an actress who had a heavy hangover and a new hair-do. The irate lady grabbed Stella and heaved her into a swimming pool."

Believing the noble adage that one shouldn't judge too hastily, a female

Hollywood columnist noted for her open-mindedness wrote, "I haven't seen 'La Dolce Vita,' so I won't blast it as being amoral, immoral and depraved until I see it."

Billionaire Wheeler and Dealer Nubar Gulbenkian, reminiscing with London journalists, discussed money ("I enjoy it for the pleasure it gives me—and others. And certainly it's a symbol of success"), and his two ex-brides ("I take my hat off to them. They were very good wives as wives go—and as wives they went").

Eavesdropping—at Sardi's: One young ingenue to another. "You remember that backless, frontless, sideless evening gown I wore to the opening last night?" asked the first.

"Need you inquire?" said her friend. "It was like sensational."  
"I just found out it's a belt."

Two Hollywood producers were watching the star of a Las Vegas show.

"I wonder who made her dress," said one of them admiringly.

"It's hard to speculate," said the other. "Probably the police."

Interim Report On The Intra- And Inter-Battle Between And Among The Sexes: Woman vs. Woman ("I think she got that Southern accent drinking

from a Dixie cup"); Spouse vs. Spouse ("My wife leaps out of bed as soon as the first ray of sun touches her window. Of course, her bedroom faces west"); Wife and Mistress vs. Husband ("My girl friend found out about my wife, and, worse yet, my wife found out about my girl friend. They have become very buddy-buddy. I don't get it at all. What do you think they are cooking up?"); Woman vs. Man ("There's something about him that attracts women to other men"); Man vs. Woman ("She's a gold digger—you know, a human gimme pig"); Philosopher vs. Women ("Nothing prepares a man for marriage as much as a girl").

Noted without comment:

And tell the believing women to lower their gaze and be modest, and display of their adornments only that which is apparent, and to draw their veils over their bosoms, and not to reveal their adornments save to their own husbands . . . or their slaves or male attendants who lack vigor, or children who know naught of women's nakedness . . .

Men are in charge of women, because Allah hath made the one of them to excell the other.—The Koran

Show business makes strange experts. Director John Huston, up to his

subconscious in a film biography of Sigmund Freud has announced that his researches have "given me a new insight into the minds of some of the stars I have directed." One of the first patients for his thirty second hand analysis, three-times married Marilyn Monroe: "I think her big handicap is that she is unable to live up to her sex symbol status in real life. In fact, I don't think she cares very much about sex at all."

• • •

Incredible as it may sound, sometimes the punishment actually does fit the crime. In ancient Greece, for instance, a man who divorced his wife was forbidden to remarry any woman younger than his first spouse. Judges in Hungary, with the Wisdom of Solomon, punish bigamists by ordering them to live in the same house with both wives.

• • •

Candid Comments: "Women are unpredictable. You never quite know how they're going to manage to get their own way." (Jackie Gleason). "An anonymous gentleman has donated a new loud-speaker to his church in fond memory of his wife." (A. A. Journal). "Arguing with Zsa Zsa Gabor is like trying to blow out an electric light bulb." (Jack Paar). "It's the good girls who keep diaries—bad girls never have the time." (Tallulah Bankhead). "If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't have the strength." (Joe E. Lewis). "Considering the way people are behaving lately, you would think hell has been air-conditioned." (Billy Graham).

• • •

Advertisement in the public notices section of the *Wall Street Journal*: "A multi-million \$ business awaits America on the return of 25 million women to the home. A population boom would create this business, encourage investments for prosperity and defense, boost our military reserves to offset the Red Menace . . . Today it's treason to employ woman . . . The man is 27000% more creative (superior) . . . Abolish all female labor. Join the National Man's Legion, 109 W. 42nd St., N. Y."

• • •

The problems of the wealthy are problems indeed. Sabrina, an actress whose proportions make Marilyn Monroe look like a little boy, recently complained to a reporter, "All of my boy friends take me for my money."

## BATTLE OF SEXES

(Continued from page 55)

clown been living? Either in a cave or in one of those vats they have in breweries, for sure as hell he doesn't know what's going on. The fumes from the alcohol must have added his brains, if he ever had any.

Has he ever seen a woman run a house? Has he heard about cooking, dishwashing, making beds, cleaning, laundering and wiping kids' runny noses? Does that crumb bum know about the labor involved in merely picking up after a husband, stooping down to remove his socks from the bedroom floor, his shirt from the living room, and his shoes from the den where he kicked them off before settling down with a highball and a copy of the *Racing Form*?

And what's this bit about women being constructed for hard labor while those so-called men lounge around thinking deep thoughts. The only thoughts they have concern what nags to bet on and whether that new girl in the office wears falsies or not.

Everyone knows it's the men who are supposed to have the muscles. In fact they're always wondering whether said muscles are big and strong enough. But the only way they use them voluntarily is for playing ball or else chasing the secretary around the desk. When it comes to doing some useful work in the house they suddenly suffer from weakness in the arms if not total paralysis. Give a man a baseball bat and he thinks he's Superman. Hand him a lawn mower and he'll give you a hundred excuses. It's too hot, or he's got a weak heart, or that trick knee he got while playing football in college is suddenly acting up again. Talk of being creative! That's when he's at his best, thinking up excuses for not doing the work that is rightfully his responsibility.

My opponent mentions the fact that men will try to grab bus seats before women can get to them. That's about the only true statement he makes, along with the one about the poor Mexican woman having to trudge behind that burro or donkey, or whatever it is. The fact of the matter is that she's not trudging behind one donkey but two of them, and the smartest of the pair isn't adorned with the mustache and broad-brimmed hat.

Besides what does it mean anyway?

It means that a Mexican peasant is just as oafish as an American, with the difference that one of them should know better.

So we women aren't doing our fair share of the labor? Then what about the labor involved in bringing children into the world? Let my fine feathered friend have a go at that! I can just imagine the bellyaching we gals would have to listen to if men had to endure just one tenth of what we have to put up with.

He mentions that African women carry heavy loads on their heads. It's true we don't do that over here and I'll even concede that it's the men who often carry a load. Only it's the kind they pick up at the corner gin-mill. The muscles they develop properly are the ones used for hoisting beer mugs off the counter.

Frankly I'm getting sick and tired of men wanting to have it both ways. On the one hand they're always bragging about being he-men, about their physical prowess, their strength, and on the other hand they expect women to do all the hard work. Let them either put up or shut up and stop shooting off their mouths about their brawn. Let them not brag about what big shots they were at school, the football games they won single-handed, the home runs they made, the golf trophies they walked off with. Talk with any slob in pants and he's a star athlete.

But I hereby offer a solution that would satisfy us all—men and women. (By the way, which of the sexes is using that grey matter right here and now?)

I propose—and I'd like to hear it seconded—that all forms of useful work around the house be considered athletic contests. Let there be championships for car washing and for helping the wife wash dishes. Let trophies be given for domestic chores. Let gold medals be struck for the guys who've been the most cooperative with their wives.

Let's have star floor polishers and All-American garbage toters. Let's have contests for home handymen and Olympic Games for amateur drain fixers. In no time there'd be no more of this nonsense about women having to take over men's rightful duties. Just pin medals on those overgrown adolescents and they'll happily knock themselves out the way the Yankees do when one more home run will put the Series in the bag for them.





*"You're both no damn good!"*

# PUTTING WOMEN IN THEIR PLACE



A seventeenth century English ordinance prohibited husbands from beating up their wives between 9 p.m. and 6 a.m.

This was not in order to spare the little woman, but to guarantee a good night's sleep to the neighbors who might have been awakened by the shrieks of anguish.

Two husbands — respectively from Los Angeles, California, and Messina, Sicily, are hereby nominated for JEM's Hall Of Fame.

The first forcibly removed his wife's denture whenever she refused him a couple of bucks for a night out at the local pub, and the second undressed his spouse and then shoved her into the cold, cold sea each time they had an argument. The shivering dame was kept in the briney until she admitted she was in the wrong.

"Woman's tongue is her sword which she never lets rust."

Mme. Necker

"However malicious a man may be, he can never say anything worse of women than they think of themselves."

Honoré de Balzac

Napoleon Bonaparte (whose legal code prevailed in France until some changes were made recently) once said: "Woman is given to man to bear children; she is therefore his property, as the tree is the gardener's."

"Women are one and all a set of vultures."

Petronius

"I expect that women will be the last thing civilized by man."

George Meredith

"Woman is a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a deadly fascination and a painted ill."

Saint John Chrysotom

"Girls ought early to be brought under restraint."

Jean Jacques Rousseau

According to the latest reports to the United Nations, these are the current prices quoted for female slaves sold to harems in the Middle East:

Girls under fifteen: \$550 to \$1100. Older women: approximately \$150.

It looks as if the depreciation rate is about the same as for Cadillacs.

"Courtship is to marriage like a very witty prologue to a very dull play."

William Congreve

"When a man says he had pleasure with a woman, he does not mean conversation."

Samuel Johnson

"If you are ever in doubt as to whether or not you should kiss a pretty girl, always give her the benefit of the doubt."

Carlyle

"Here's to woman! Would that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands."

Ambrose Bierce

"When the candles are out all women are fair."

Plutarch

"If your mistress hears about another affair of yours, deny it, say it is the lying work of envious enemies. Do not act guilty or too fond of her for a while. But when her heart begins to get cold or she gets too angry, grab her around the neck and thrust a weepy face into her bosom. Kiss her breasts and caress them. Then, when she is in full retreat, propose to adjourn bedward."

Ovid

(To a woman:)

"Be charming and keep quiet."

Baudelaire

"A woman is never taken by surprise; regardless of the day her lover leaves her, she had already left him the day before."

Arsène Houssaye

"In the arms of her first lover, woman already dreams of the next one."

Pierre Louys

"I don't mind living in a man's world so long as I can be a woman in it."

Marilyn Monroe

# THE MAN WHO CAME AND WENT

(Continued from page 29)

she introduces me to the three other people in her party. Her boyfriend's named Harold, there's a Mary Somebody and another guy named Joe, obviously with Mary Somebody. The dream's name is Doris. Harold asks me to "Sidownanwhatyahave" and everybody remarks on "how nicely I play," and "do I know *Warsaw Concerto* and *Tenderly* and *Pieces In The Shape Of A Pear* (Man, the things people come up with) and the *Polonaise*". I smile and shake my head yes and no in the appropriate places, mutter some inane phrases and wonder just how I can get to "talk to Doris alone. If ever I wanted to make time with a chick, this is it. I turn to her and am about to start making a pitch when Harold (damn his everlasting soul) suggests they leave because he has to be at somebody's party a half hour ago. As there are no dissenting votes (I'm not asked) Harold calls for the check and they all head for the door.

So I'm left sitting there with a mental picture of myself going back to the piano and having a gay time putting the customers to sleep with Tchaikowsky's *Chason Triste*. I don't even know the dreamy one's last name and I'm actually contemplating cutting my throat when she comes back (she forgot her bag), shakes my hand, says "very nice to have met you" then turns on her lovely heel and floats out to the place. But this time I don't feel so bad because in my hot little hand is a piece of paper and on it are the most beautiful words ever penned: BU 8-9959—Call me when you finish.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

When I get back to the piano I'm feeling ten foot tall and though the customers at Domino's will probably never know it I'm treating them to some of the best piano that ever bounced off the four walls of that atmospheric bistro.

At two ayem I close the box, collect my pay, buy the boss and myself a drink and head for the nearest telephone. This is going to be my night.

I dial the number with all the verve and aplomb of a Bel Ami and when that real cool dulcet voice says "Hello" it sounds like an archangel chorus do-

ing the *Tatum Ergo*. I quickly explain who I am and, tapping the nice fresh wad of green in my pocket, ask her if she'd like to hit some of the lesser known after-hour joints and get better acquainted. When she suggests I come up to her place and just play quietly for her, I feel like I just smoked a pound of pot, am ten miles high and ain't ever comin' down. She gives me an address in the east seventies and I just stay high and fly over.

I taxi in for a two point landing just outside apartment 2C, push the buzzer and wait. Everything has been so dreamy so far that I figure some one will say "Open Sesame" and that door will just roll back and reveal the wonders of the world. And that's damn near what happens, too. Oh, nobody says "Open Sesame" and the door don't roll back but when she opens it I know I'm looking at all the wonders of the world rolled into one. She's wearing miles and miles of pink negligee and, though there's a helluva lot of it, it don't take no super eyes to see that there's nothing but pink and white flesh underneath it. I hand her the bottle of scotch I had Dom put on next week's tab and just kinda float through the Pearly Gates.

"You got here fast," she says heading for the kitchen with the bottle, "How'll you have it, straight or with water?"

"On the rocks," says I sitting myself down at a beautiful Steinway and noodling a few chords.

"Easy. Neighbors you know," and with that she hands me a drink and then curls up like a kitten on the couch with hers. "Play something nice and soft and dreamy. You know, soft lights, a couple of drinks, two people — create a mood."

That's exactly what I have in mind only I'm hoping we're both in the same mood.

I play for about a half hour and not only create a mood I saturate the room with one. After another drink I decide the time is ripe and cutting my way through the atmosphere I park myself on the couch right next to the dreamy one and start making like an octopus.

She doesn't stop me!

"Don't you wonder why I'm letting you do this?" she asks. "Doesn't it

bother you that you don't even know my name?"

Now there's a silly question.

"I just figured you like my piano playing," says I as I kiss her on the ear.

She laughs. "Well, never mind," says she, "We'll talk about it later."

And never, ever did two people have such a breathless, wonderful, heavenly time making a later!

When "later" finally comes I'm resting my body (and believe me the body really needed it as this chick was an absolute wildcat in the sack) in one of the most luxurious double beds that anybody ever rested a body in, smoking a cigarette and watching the sunlight filter through the Venetian blinds. I still haven't caught my breath and I still don't know why she did it, I only know that she did and man, I can tell you that all the chicks in the world strung together couldn't even carry this doll's bra.

I'm about to wake her up and ask her what it is that she wants to tell me but I figure, what the hell, the doll's probably a nympho who just happens to like piano players so instead I get up and start getting dressed.

As I'm tying my shoe the dreamy one comes to, stretches, (God, I wish she wouldn't do that) smiles and says, "Well, I hope you had a good time. I know I did."

There just ain't nothing I can say. How does one describe perfection. All I can think of to say is it was the most and that sounds like the least in trying to describe this doll.

Sitting up and hugging her thighs to her bosom she says, "Aren't you the least bit curious?"

I'm really not, after all when someone listens to a beautiful piece of music they don't ask the composer how or why he wrote it, they just enjoy it like I enjoyed the last few hours but as she obviously wants to talk I figure I'll let her.

"Okay," says I "I'm curious, what's the story?"

"Well," says she jumping out of bed and starting to dress, "it goes something like this.

"I like men. I've always liked men. And five years ago after an aunt died and left me \$10,000 I decided to come to New York where there's just about every kind of male imaginable. For a while I just kicked around having a ball. I met men, lots of men.

Some were terrific, some were mediocre, some were lousy, but good bad or indifferent this is one chick who spent very few lonely nights.

"Well, as I say, it was fun while it lasted but one day I woke up and realized I wasn't getting anywhere. I had no ambition, no worthwhile way of life, no goal. I brooded about this for a while but suddenly, like a flash, an idea hit me. What was the one thing in life I enjoyed most? Sex. What was the one thing in life I needed most? Sex again was the answer. So, the problem was solved, Sex would be my ambition, my way of life. I'd study sex. Work at it. Oh, don't get me wrong, I don't mean it the way you think. I never sold my body. When I say work at it I mean I wanted to be the best. I wanted to be able to give a man more satisfaction than he could get anywhere else. My ambition was to please men and to please them in the way they'd appreciate most.

"To do this I had to learn from men. So, whenever I heard girls discussing a certain man's prowess in bed (and they do you know, Oh how they do) I'd search him out and learn from him. It really wasn't difficult. Most any man can be had and, let's face it, I do have my share of the natural attributes men look for in a woman."

"Amen to that," says I. "That fact no one can dispute."

Pulling a stocking over her lovely leg she smiles and goes on, "I was a willing pupil. I learned how to really satisfy a man. How to spread sex out for hours, how to get it over fast and how to put as much into it as is humanly possible."

"But why me?" I ask impatiently, "You still haven't explained that."

"You know Betty Ronson, don't you?"

I can feel the blood rushing to my head.

"She's a friend of mine," she says straightening the seams in her stockings. "She told me about you and I had to find out if you knew anything I didn't."

"Well, to continue," she reaches back to fasten her bra, "At first the whole study was nothing more than kicks. But one day I realized that my money was rapidly dwindling and I had none coming in—as I said I never took a dime from any man—and I was fast getting nowhere. I was all set to give up the sleighride and

start earning an honest living when suddenly the whole picture became clear. Everyone capitalizes on education. An engineering student becomes an engineer; a law student a lawyer; a medical student a doctor. I'd been a student of sex so why not put my education to work for me. I probably knew more about sex than any other living female. And since many a gal has risen to fame and fortune on not even half the knowledge I had I should be a cinch to wind up in the money. Once again, sex was the answer.

"All I had to do was find the right guy and I was in.

"Well, I found him," she was fully dressed now, "And that's another reason for last night. You were a warm-up for the main event because in about five minutes my door bell is going to ring and that right guy and I are

going to see a preacher and then we're taking off on one of the wildest honeymoons since Adam & Eve.

"So you hooked yourself a rich hubby," says I, "So what! Lots of gals have done that without making such a big deal out of it."

"You still don't get it, do you? Sure my guy is rich but that's not what I'm driving at. What good is a rich husband when a doll has an appetite for sex like mine. I'd go crazy married to one guy. I need men. Lots of men. And don't look so knowing, divorce isn't the answer either. After about a month of being faithful I'd start cutting around and you know as well as I do that adulteresses don't collect alimony.

"I'll simplify it for you. On a bed I'm the best there is. I'm a skilled worker. I can turn it on, turn it off



*"I'll return the ring you gave me when you can return what I gave to you."*

and hit any stride between the former and the latter. I can make men reach new heights and then make them strive for even greater heights. And that's the secret of the whole plan. All I'm going to . . ."

What a time for the bell to ring.

"That's my boy," she says, grabbing her hat and bag, "you'll just have to figure the rest out for yourself." Turning at the door she blows me a kiss, "It shouldn't be too hard. By the way you were good. Better than most." She winks, "Call me in a month."

I thank her for the testimonial even though I still don't get the gist of what she's driving at. But I'm not going to worry about it.

I finish dressing and head for home. What I need more than anything else right now, is a bed. The dreamy one took more out of me than I thought. She sure knew what she was doing. Man, and how she knew.

At the corner I hail a cab, jump in, give the driver my address in the Village and settle back to read the paper I'd bought at the corner news-stand.

My eyes almost bug out of my head!

There, right there on the front page is the dreamy one. The doll I just left. The one I'm damn sure going to call in a month. She's actually smiling at me from the page and right next to her, head to head, so to speak is a guy old enough to be her grandfather.

The line above the picture reads, "May December Nuptials Today."

The caption below says: In one of the most surprising marriages on record Bertram Cathington Trevor, 82 purportedly one of the richest men in the world, today takes as his bride the lovely Miss Doris Keenan of New York City. This is the first marriage for both parties. "I'm in the pink," said the aging financier, "I feel as virile as a twenty year old and am just raring to go." After a week of nightclubbing in the big city the couple will honeymoon in Paris.

So there it is. The plan is simple. A marriage for better or for hearse!

I take another look at Bertram Cathington Trevor, 82, and make a mental note to call Doris in three weeks. Maybe two. Because if last night is any indication of the dreamy one's talent I'm positive the old goat won't last out a week, much less a month.

Man, what a way to go!

## HOW TO MAKE OUT ON A CAMPOUT

(Continued from page 36)

marshmallow toaster who puts the whole outing on the footing of a Brownie cook-out.

The far-sighted timber wolf prepares for such eventualities and plans his campaign with that attention to detail that makes the difference between success or failure in so many cases.

First of all, always camp near water, preferably a small, narrow stream about a foot deep. Second, hide one extra blanket and one or more bottles of your favorite inhibition-loosener out of sight in the car. Third, do not unload the bedding from the car until it is time for turning in, at which time let her carry her own stuff.

The critical moment comes on the way back from the car. It is, of course, quite dark and you should experience no great difficulty in tripping your partner into the stream, complete with blankets. Courtesy requires that you help her out of the water, but see to it that she is wet through and that your blankets too, become soaked.

Back at the campfire, assume your most masterful air and order her to get out of those wet things before she catches her death of cold. Now is the time to remember that dry blanket in the car and that bottle of popskull. Once she is established by the fire, wrapped in the blanket and pleasantly aglow within, you will probably find that her outlook is more pliable and you can take it from there.

Of course, she may simply start singing or talking again, in which case it may seem that you have worked for nothing. In this situation, about all you can do is to return to the car on some pretext and fall in too. This will make it necessary for you to share the blanket. If you can't make progress then, you might do better to avoid camping (and girls) in the future.

Blankets are all right, but there's a lot more fun to be had in a sleeping bag which gives you, as it were, a captive audience. There are various types, but not all of them will do the trick for a little coed camping. There is, for instance, the so-called mummy bag, which narrows sharply toward the foot. A warm light bag

but the narrow bottom limits the movements of the occupants to little more than an expressive shrug. The standard full width single bag is better, but it too, is really too narrow for anything more than a sort of horizontal hugger mugger. All in all, the best kind of bag for mixed company is the double or paired bag. Small enough for some solid worthwhile propinquity, it is still large enough to permit stimulating variations and even some small illusions of flight and pursuit.

Naturally any mention of sleeping bags brings up the matter of cots. Actually they are not at all suitable for mixed company. Few cots are sturdy enough and the canvas may tear suddenly, dropping the passengers in among the cross pieces of the frame where they may become painfully wedged. There is a further danger; Most cots are made with wooden cross pieces at head and foot which simply snap over the ends of the side members. It is not uncommon for one of the occupants, in the magic of the moment to kick out rather sharply. This is likely to knock off the end-piece causing the cot to fold up like a satchel, enclosing one of the occupants. This is frustrating (frequently injurious) for the other occupant. Finally, although there is no problem in lonely, isolated campsites, cots are notoriously noisy.

The fancier supply houses carry all sorts of special equipment for the big spender — battery-powered electric blankets, spring powered cocktail shakers, etc. — but very few of them really add much to the weekend. A possible exception is the folding shower, which is hung from a tree and is operated by a pull chain. This is a good conversation piece for slow starters and can make for a lot of good clean fun (a matching back brush is available). For the more sedate there is a folding bathtub but this is somehow a bit decadent. Besides, it must be filled by bucket.

Whenever possible, the really keen camper will travel light and try to live off the country, letting nature provide the settings for impromptu fun. This is basically a summer sport and is most enjoyable where there is lots of grass or sand (the rocky, unyielding soil of New England may have more to do with the formation of the somewhat strait laced character of the people of that section than is generally realized). Simple, almost childish

games can add greatly to the fun. A rollicking game of hide and seek, for instance, can become an hilarious romp, heightened by the pleasant sensation of danger which most young ladies tend to feel when pursued through a moderately wooded area. (Careful that the capture isn't made where there is poison ivy!)

There are great possibilities in the swimming hole gambit. Where almost any damsel would blush at the thought of swimming in the nude near civilization it seems fitting in a secluded woodland pool. The impetuous should remember though that although there is nothing wrong with pursuing a shy young woman out of the water, it is inadvisable to chase her far enough to be unable to find your clothes later on.

Don't be too ingenious. Certain games, such as climbing trees and playing Tarzan can be trying to cified muscles. Also unless you are handy around the water, don't take liberties in canoes. Getting trapped under the seats can be dangerous in the event of an upset.

Experienced campers have found that there need be no drawbacks to having a young lady insist that another couple come along. If night in the woods is anything, it's dark and you need have no fear of your chaperones becoming troublesome. In fact, I have known of several cases where the lack of light and the close confines of a small tent have led to enough confusion in sleeping arrangements to make for a very merry weekend indeed. Just remember—if the other lad in the party wears a beard or a moustache, proceed with caution; or equip yourself beforehand with a suitable disguise.

It might be proper here to say a word about the French attitude on camping out. One of the pleasantest forms of Gallic outing is "le camping". This is a gay, rollicking affair and has nothing to do with roughing it. In fact the whole point of the thing is that you bring the amenities with you (French amenities are more amenable than ours and don't mind that delightfully tousled look that comes of juggling in a snug fitting sleeping bag).

Yet the French are far behind us in the creature comforts of life in the open. Take the air mattress, for example.

There are all kinds of air mattresses. From the cheap, plastic variety, to

the expensive, rubberized kind. The plastic type, despite their low cost, are not really suitable for any but the infrequent camper. Not designed for heavy-duty service they are liable to blow without warning, not only dropping the occupants suddenly, perhaps painfully, but emitting a derisive, embarrassing noise as they do so.

The fancy rubberized mattresses are tough and long wearing, but they have one serious drawback. Most of them are constructed of inflated tubes which run lengthwise. This is comfortable, but the directional stability is poor and any abrupt maneuver, no matter how innocently playful, may flip the crew on the side. Despite this danger, these mattresses have one interesting advantage: By pressing down quickly and firmly on the outer edges the center can be made to rise vigorously. This offers great possibilities to the ingenious and fanciful, adding bounce and elan to any occasion.

Any of the inflatable mattresses can, of course, be used in the water during warm weather. Rider and passenger, though, must exercise some caution. Staying in the saddle is difficult if the water is at all rough and it is not unknown for careless players to find themselves, instead of lying on the mattress, hanging from it underwater. This should appeal to the sensation seeker, but it is essentially risky.

## I LOST MY MARBLES

(Continued from page 47)

Now let's get this straight right off. I don't belong here. All that's wrong with me is over tension brought on by over exposure to the late late show, cinema clichés, movie hebe-jeebies or whatever the hell you want to call it.

Oh-oh-there I go blowing my top again. Forgive me. I don't mean to, but I keep hearing those words running through my brain. What words? Please be patient. We'll get to that in a minute. You first got to understand two facts: I like women and I'm a non-talker.

I don't mean I don't talk at all.

The fact is, get it, I can talk well enough to start a conversation with a strange gal at a party or pick up a babe at a bar. It's after having en-

joyed the tasty dish and waiting to build up an appetite for a second helping that gives me the trouble. Some guys are gifted with a flow of small talk that makes time march or unnoticed, but not me.

It's because of this that I started tuning in the only program on TV at that time of night—the late, late movie.

My idea, of course, was to pass the time away without having to make conversation. The trouble was that the babes got interested in the damn pictures and actually wanted to watch them. Now I didn't mind waiting for the movie to be over before going into action again. The problem was that I had to watch the pictures, too.

Now as I said, if there's one thing I'm not, it's a liar. If I was I could say that as a result of this I had to see 365 old movies a year. But the truth is I visited my mother once a week so actually I had to see 313 pictures a year and when you multiply that by ten, the number of years I've been in action, you'll have to agree that watching 3,130 old movies — all almost alike—is enough to make any strong man weak.

Now the first few times it happened—NOW DAMMIT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS IN A MINUTE, DON'T BUG ME! Oh, yes, before we get to it, there's one other thing you got to know before everything will start to make sense to you. As I said, if there's one thing I'm not, it's a liar. If I were I could pretend to be one of those all night jack-rabbits, but the truth is I usually fall asleep after a second helping.

Now, it was during this sleep that it happened. It being my waking up screaming and scaring the life out of the babe with me as well as myself since at that time I couldn't understand what could have given me the nightmares. The first ten or baker's dozen times it happened, it wasn't too bad since I was either in my flat or in the room of the particular girl I was out with that evening.

It was about a half a year ago that my screaming started the fireworks. It happened at a motel called Miniature Inn and if you read that name slowly you'll get the idea of what kind of a place it was and why so many state troopers were always buzzing around.

The point is that my screams brought not only the state police but two newspaper photographers who wasted no time clickety-click-clicking,

and I wound up sentenced to this asylum for the insane.

Now, get this, during the six months I've been here, they not only haven't been able to find anything wrong with me, but they can't even discover what's been making me wake up screaming. But I have. It was these lousy late, late movies. All 3,130 of them. Everytime I'd fall asleep I'd start hearing those celluloid clichés over and over again—until I could take it no longer. For instance, right now, all I have to do is close my eyes and those lines start repeating themselves in my head:

"Yeah? Well, you'll do business with Scarpetti—or else!"

"Now, don't you keep on a-worry-in', Ma, 'cause Sally's a good girl!"

"There's a little girl in the chorus who can play that part!"

"This town is too small for both of us."

"I can never go back to John, now."

"Wal, stranger, I aint-a-lookin' fer trouble, but if trouble comes a-lookin' fer me, wal, I guess I won't be hard to find."

"He was all I had—and now you've taken him."

"I'm tired—just tired, that's all."

"Albert, when it comes to arithmetic, you are the stupidest boy in this class. You tell your father, Mr. Einstein, I expect to see him here in the morning."

"Down here in the tropics, the last outpost of civilization, men, well, they forget what a decent woman is like."

"And that man, my child, was . . . your father."

"You can have my bed, Mary, I'll sleep on the couch in the other room."

"Ronald, you don't mean—"

"Yes, Jayne, the District Attorney is right!"

"Jim, why don't you get married?"

"Me—married?"

"Sure—why not?"

"Why, Miss Tessie, nobody'd have me—an old fool like me."

"Mitchell, you'll never come out of this alive."

"I wish I were dead."

"I've been around. I know what it's all about."

"You're Dolly Malone? The freckled-face little girl who lived next door to me? But you can't be. The last time I saw Dolly she was only this big and so skinny and you—why you're—"

"Fascal, the game is up!"

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"And how are you feeling, Fu Chan?"

"When the honorable dragon's shadow falls across the honorable grave of venerable ancestor, it darkens the lives of rich and poor alike."

"I was never more serious in my life."

"I didn't ask to be born."

"Why do you look at me like that?"

"You mean you—my first sergeant—was really a girl all the time?"

"I'm going to put the lights out for three 'minutes. When I turn them on I expect to see the missing jewels on the table!"

"Don't touch me, nurse, I'm sterile."

"Two ack emma—one minute more, old boy."

"Thickish out there, what?"

"Steady the buffs!"

"I say old boy—"

"Righto!"

"Dessay lot of rot,—if anything happens—"

"Stout fella!"

"Say pip-pip to Di, will you, like a good lad?"

"Righto."

"Well, cheerio!"

"Cheerio!"

"Love! What do you know of love?"

"So Peters was the black terror all the time!"

"This is madness. You should never have come!"

"Ramsey, you'll never come out of this alive."

"Gimme the city desk! . . . McInerney—this is Scoops, your ace reporter. Have you missed me? Tut, tut, tut—such language. Well, listen to this—I've got a yarn that's going to throw this town wide open. Legs Finnelli just shot Spike Robinson!"

"Go, I never want to see you again."

"Oh, how blind men are."

"I tell you I don't know how I got here. I was doped."

"Speak, Paul, speak! If you won't tell where you were at the hour of the murder, I will."

"Marion, you don't realize what you are saying!"

"Paul was with me, Inspector—in my boudoir."

Now you can understand that would make anyone scream. But this is the last straw—what do you think the head shrinkers have decided to do to try to relieve my tension? They're going to put a TV set in my padded cell every night so I can relax by watching the late, late movie.

Won't somebody please help me? HELP!



"But I am!"

# TRADE IN YOUR OLD SEX MACHINE

(Continued from page 50)

half-French girl named Noblesse O'Blige.

Chuck is a fullback on the Alaska State football team — it's an electronic game, and the fullback's job is to pull the switch marked "line plunge." Because of his electronic prowess, he's a big cogwheel on campus.

And Noblesse is one of the most sought-after coeds, chiefly because she has a convertible computer and her father lets her program it herself. She's looked on as a pretty fast number by most of the boys, as a consequence.

They are introduced, of course, electronically. The machine (called a Model 84-B-372/Z, but familiarly known as the Blind Data Processor) pulls out their two cards.

Here reads: "O'BLLIGE, NOBLESSE. 5' 3" 114 lbs 38-24-34 IQ=85. Hobbies - Likes to play with dolls."

His reads: "STEAK, CHARLES. 5' 11" 170 lbs. 36-34-34 IQ=86. Hobbies - Likes to play with dolls."

And the machine scanned the two cards, nodded its transistors and decided they were made for each other. The next morning there was a note in the letter-box of the two youngsters, requesting them to report to the Dean of Machines, at 2 P.M. that afternoon.

The Dean of Machines (a grey-haired, ruddy-checked robot) made the introduction. And Noblesse looked at Chuck and Chuck looked at Noblesse.

"Well, children," said the Dean, "the rest is up to you. We machines have done all we can. Now you crumby humans take it from here."

"Hiya, doll," said Chuck.

"Hiya, doll," said Noblesse.

And they strolled out of the Dean's office and along the historic campus, past the statue of Alan Shepard and the monument to Thomas Watson, and went to the little campus tower called Ye Olde Fizzicist and sat down at a table.

"Tell me all about yourself, doll," said Chuck, noting that the 38-24-34 figures of Noblesse were arranged in parabolic curves that were pleasing to his optic senses.

"Well, I'm a Grade B," she said.

"And, in responses, I'm Type 17-G. For physical culture, I'm mesozoicoid-K. In tastes, I run to Rohrschach reaction, magnified by Spencerian scrawl. And, when it comes to presence and absence, I'm clearly Rick-overie."

Chuck's eyes nearly popped out of his skull, and his ears vibrated strangely.

"My goodness," he said, his voice husky with emotion. "I never thought I'd meet anyone with such a magnificent personality! Are you really Rick-overie in presence and absence?"

"Yes," she said, demurely, "it's been tested in both nursery school and kindergarten."

"Well," said Chuck, "I don't want to boast, but I have a Z-12 rating in possession."

"Not really," said Noblesse, her fingers twitching spontaneously. "Oh, I can't believe it."

"Oh, it's true," Chuck said, modestly. "Absolutely true, beyond a peradventure of a doubt. I know it's hard to believe, but there it is."

That half-hour in the campus hangout was the extent of their "courtship," if you can use the word to describe such an exchange of vital statistics. They went directly from Ye Olde Fizzicist to a building on campus, known officially as Fulfillment House but called, by the undergrads, Padsville.

The next day, Chuck was comparing notes with his buddy, the brightest student on campus, Nose Kane.

"I think I'm in love," said Chuck.

"Love schmove," said Nose, "what's her IQ?"

"38-24-34 — no, I mean 85," said Chuck.

"85? That's not a girl, that's a piece of furniture."

"Look, I don't care how smart she is. I'm looking for a wife, not a professor."

"Kid," said Nose, condescendingly, "listen to me. The Blind Data Processor fixed me up with a girl with an IQ of 134. She's so smart she doesn't even use the machine for writing — she knows the alphabet from A to — what's the name of that last letter, the one that goes across and then down and across again?"

"Oh, I know the one you mean — N."

"No, not N. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. My point is that this doll is a brain. That's what a fellow needs nowadays. Sex you can get anywhere,

but for a wife you need a smart chick."

But Chuck wasn't convinced. He was so taken with Noblesse that, as far as he was concerned, all IQ meant was "I Quiver." And he quivered whenever he thought about her and her Rickoverie reaction in presence and absence, to say nothing of that 38-24-34 figure. It was love at first punch-card.

The next day, bright and early, he reported to the Dean of Machines, who switched on his memory tube and said, "Ah, yes, Mr. Steak, I remember you clearly. And how did your date with Miss O'Blige go?"

"Just fine, Dean, and I think I want to marry her."

"Good, my boy. But first there are certain formalities, you know. A few little tests and things."

He pressed a button on his ear lobe and a trap door opened under where Chuck was standing. He found himself sliding into a laboratory and, there on a slide next to him, was Noblesse. They smiled at each other as the electrodes were strapped across their heads and the first needle was piercing the soles of their feet.

They awoke in a neat little two-bedroom cottage, covered with synthetic vines. What woke them was the incessant ringing of the front door buzzer. Their caller was the Superintendent of Newlyweds, a mousy old maid who gave them a hard-eyed onceover.

"How did you enjoy your honeymoon, kiddies?" she asked, with a sneer.

That's the way it will be with automated romance in ten or 20 years. (The fact that, six months later, Noblesse shot Chuck because he was going out with a red-headed technician whose figure was 39-23-35 has nothing to do with the story.)

In the automated world of tomorrow, love as we know it will have vanished. So will courtship be a thing of the past, too. Ditto the thrill of the chase.

We will meet by machine, court by machine and consummate our passion in a machine-induced coma. It will all be much neater that way; there will be no room, in tomorrow's slick world, for such stumbling blocks as romance and sentiment.

If all this seems unpleasant, the only thing to do is to crowd in as much old-fashioned, 1961-type love as you can while there's still time. Tomorrow it may be too late.





## ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

A problem that seems to arise so often among my friends who write to me is behavior on a first date. The girls want to know how far they should go, and the boys want to know how to get the girls to go a bit farther.

It has long been my policy to behave on a first date just the way I would on a second date. And my second date policy is expressed simply: This chick is an old friend, so don't disappoint her.

My advice, then, is basically to ignore the fact that you've never been out together before. After all, that is just an accident of fate. And, besides, maybe you were out together before in an earlier life. In fact, perhaps in that earlier life you were married. And it wouldn't be nice for a husband and wife to go out together and behave like perfect strangers, would it? Of course not.

That's the line I generally adopt with a girl on a first date. It invariably works, because (a) girls are logical little animals and (b) they really

want the same things boys want, only they've been conditioned to act perversely. All you need is a bit of logic to show them that their pre-conditioned notions are illogical and away you go.

And now, to answer some specific questions relating to the problem of the first date:

### DEAR MR. WAN:

I am sweet sixteen, and never been kissed. I've been married twice, but never kissed. That's because I'm an old-fashioned girl. But tonight I have a date with a boy who has a reputation of being a fast operator. How should I behave? I want him to like me, but I don't want to spoil my record.

### LIPSTICK SAVER

#### DEAR LIPSTICK SAVER:

*If he has the reputation of being a fast worker, and you're obviously as slow as molasses, I suggest you stay home and watch TV. During the commercials, he can chase you around the couch. He'll work off steam and, since it's your home course, you should be able to keep ahead of him. It should work out as a pleasant date for everyone—that is except you and him.*

### DEAR MR. WAN:

I had a first date last night with a girl named Wednesday Zekla. Being well-brought-up, I didn't attempt to kiss her or get fresh or anything like that. I merely shook hands politely—when she slapped me. How can you account for that?

### RED-FACED RONALD

#### DEAR RED-FACED RONALD:

*This is a good example of a type of feminine reaction known to science as the Perverse Syndrome. The girl obviously bears watching. She either slapped you because she could read your mind—and that's a pretty filthy mind you've got there, Ronnie—or else because you couldn't read her mind.*

### DEAR MR. WAN:

I've always been kind of devil-may-care with the girls. I'd kiss them on the first date or, sometimes, on the lips. My philosophy was always, well, who cares? If they don't like it, there's lots of other fish in the sea. So I went through life, with a smile and a wave, and never looked back with regrets. And then, the other night, I picked

up a girl in a bar who really flipped me. I wanted her so badly I got tongue-tied. And I just meekly took her home, and never made a pass. Am I in love?

### WORRIED

#### DEAR WORRIED:

*No, son, that's not love. Love never made anybody tongue-tied or meek yet. That's an old fable. When you're in love—really in love—you're more sure of yourself than ever. What you've got is either one of two things. Either you've got one of those 24-hour viruses, or else you're worn out—you've devil-may-cared yourself past the prime of life.*

### DEAR MR. WAN:

The other night, a pal arranged a blind date for me with a girl named Hot-Knees Norma. I figured this was going to be a ball. A chick with a name like that should be an easy mark. So what do I find? I find she's got some condition that make her knees hot. And she turns out to be an iceberg. How's that for a double-cross?

### ANGRY ALFRED

#### DEAR ANGRY ALFRED:

*That's a pretty terrible thing for a pal to do to another pal, all right. But don't give up the ship, or the chase. If Hot-Knees Norma is good looking enough to be worth the effort, I think there's a way of melting her down to your size. Send her a pair of nylon stockings with a built-in icebag at the knees. She should be so grateful to you that she'll do anything.*

### DEAR MR. WAN:

My technique with a girl on a first date is generally successful. I simply tell her I'm going to enlist in the Army the next day, and that I want to make my last civilian night memorable. If she cooperates, the next day I call her and say she's made civilian life so pleasant I decided not to enlist. If she doesn't cooperate, I don't see her again, anyway, so there's no loss. OK—but last night I tried it on a beautiful girl who cooperated beautifully. As we kissed goodnight, she said, "I'll see you in the morning, Tommy. I'm the WAC sergeant on duty at the recruiting center." What do I do now?

### TOM ATKINS

#### DEAR PRIVATE ATKINS:

*Hup, two, three, four.*

# Premier Presentation IRIS BRISTOL



**Uncensored, Exciting, Unusual, Revealing  
Films for Adults Only**

We know what you want and Iris Bristol has it! And she puts it on film. You'll see action like you've never seen before as this luscious young lovely unfolds her torrid tale in some of the most provocative performances ever put on sizzling celluloid. Up to now her fiery films were for private collectors only but now you too can feast your peepers on one of the most beautiful, busty beauties ever to pose for a cameraman. Take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime offer and get eight delightfully different, sensationally thrilling adult movies for only \$3.98 per reel or, if you're a bargain hunter, four for \$9.98, all eight for \$15.98. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. ACT NOW. DON'T DELAY. SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!**

**8 mm and 16 mm Action Movies.** All 50 ft. All Uncut. All masterpieces by top notch Hollywood cameramen. All torrid and terrific and all just what you've been searching for. Choose yours from the titles listed below. You take no chances. If these aren't the greatest films you have ever seen just send them back within 3 days for a full money back guarantee.

**1. CAVORTING CUTIES.** Iris and her girlfriend show how two uninhabited Greenwich Village Beatniks spend an evening at home. In the privacy of their own apartment these two winsome wenches go through a bump and grind sequence that is guaranteed to bring blushes to any male between twenty one and ninety. See what happens when these two beat beauties, unbound by convention or prying eyes, let themselves go before a motion picture camera.

**2. PEEK-A-BOUDOIR.** The camera takes you behind the locked doors of Iris' boudoir as this breathtaking beauty spends an evening at home. But Iris is restless and as she writes and nips waiting for her boyfriend, all of her pink and lovely curves come to life before your very eyes.

**3. FOR BACHELORS ONLY.** Iris, being a true nature lover and sun worshiper, thought she was alone in the great outdoors but while she was doing what comes naturally, naturally, a hidden camera recorded all of her bizarre, erotic loveliness in motion. Guaranteed to make your temperature rise and your blood boil.

**4. AQUA AMOUR.** What do Hollywood starlets do when they cavort on the rims of their palatial pools? At one of these informal parties Iris shows how a scintillating starlet makes a sexy impression on a producer by teasing him all of her seductive curves.

**5. UNDESRESSED REHEARSAL.** A beautiful sight is Iris as she awaits the arrival of a late date. When you see this fetching filly come to life in this film with every line of her lovely body outstanding in breathless realism you're going to wonder why anyone so bewitching would wait so long for any so and so!

**6. DANCE FOR BACHELORS ONLY.** Iris and her roommate reveal every delicious curve and contour of their lovely bodies. Full figure views and delightful closeups of these two gyrating Jills in a dance sequence created for the broadminded and sophisticated male.

**7. SOLO SEXERCISES.** Iris shows how she keeps a tantalizing torso, tantalizing. Watch her do her daily dozen in the privacy of her own fenced backyard. Every little movement has a meaning all its own and you don't need a roadmap to read the curves.

**8. POOL PASSION.** What does a sexy siren do on a sun, sun, sunny day? The altogether unrestrained and uninhibited Bristol Beauty proves that a gal can be hot — though cool as she dances provocatively in the privacy of her swimming pool. A rare film with sizzling action from the first caraccous dip to the thrilling climax.

## BOSOMY BEAUTIES IN ADULT MOVIE ACTION!!!

**YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE PRICES!**

Never before have such masterfully made and absolutely uncensored films been available at these fantastically low prices. Take advantage of them now!

One 8 mm movie	only \$ 3.98
Special four 8 mm movies	only \$ 9.98
Jumbo Special all eight 8 mm movies	only \$15.98
One 16 mm movie	only \$ 4.98
Special four 16 mm movies	only \$17.98
Jumbo Special all eight 16 mm movies	only \$29.98

**IRIS BRISTOL  
P.O. Box 917, G.P.O., New York 1, N.Y.**

After looking at your picture above I certainly want to see more of you. Please ship me the items I have checked below, prepaid. I understand any money is refundable within three days if I am not satisfied.

☐ 8mm ☐ 16mm ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8  
I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Ship immediately to: ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

CLIP  
AND  
MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY!

# FEAR IT!

ABSOLUTELY  
**FREE!**

**IN JUST 24 HOURS...You start using these destructive self-defense secrets to render any bully twice your size absolutely helpless in seconds!**

**10 TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH JUDO AND KARATE**

**Faster! More scientific! Positively amazing!** Now for the first time, you can learn and use all the most effective, most deadly methods of self-defense ever devised by man—all yours in this great course! Learn how to use in a few days, Karate, Savate, Judo, Secret Police Methods, Foot Fighting, Rough & Tumble, Boxing, etc., to render any bully twice your size absolutely harmless in seconds. You will immediately see and learn how a smaller, weaker man, even a woman can overpower, even cripple a 200 pound brute in a flash. Dynamic fighting secrets closely guarded for over 5,000 years are yours just for the asking! Learn how to use centuries-old methods of combat

taken from the archives of the Indian and Japanese killer cult temples, Nahuatl Tribes, the ferocious Aztecs, Nazi and Communist Secret Police—and now for the first time it's easy to learn all these hidden shocking secrets in the privacy of your own home in just 15 minutes a day... gain complete confidence in yourself as you quickly master all the fighting "KNOW HOW" of the greatest self-defense fighters. Here's everything you'll ever need to protect yourself and loved ones and never be embarrassed or afraid or get "weak in the knees" again. Send coupon for your free book now.

## You Can Become A Terrifying, Destructive, Self-Defense Fighting Machine In Just 30 Days

**NOT SIZE • NOT POWER • NOT STRENGTH**

What's the secret? I don't care if you're skinny or fat, muscular or weak, tall or short, 15 or 50—how young or old you are—I can turn you into an arsenal of power. My amazing course is the greatest achievement in the art of self-defense. It took 20 years and over \$200,000 to uncover these terrifying combat secrets of the past. It shows that the key to your fighting power is in "KNOW-HOW"—not in muscles. With these "KNOW-HOW" secrets—you can with cool confidence, at a moment's notice, become a terrifying fighting machine unleashing hidden power that even you don't know you have. Your arms will become powerful, protective shields, your legs will have the piston-like kick of kangaroos, your fingers will jab like knives, and your shoulders, elbows, knees and feet will be sledge-hammer battering rams of crushing force. You'll protect yourself and loved ones from any hoodlum twice your size who's foolish enough to attack you. I guarantee that I can do all this for you in 30 days if you rush in free coupon now!

### COMPLETE FIGHTING MASTERY AND CONFIDENCE IN 24 HOURS

With these "KNOW-HOW" secrets, you will overnight become a walking "TERRIFYING FIGHTING MACHINE". Whoever is dumb enough to dare to attack you—no matter how big, heavy or tall—no matter what training he has had—you will at a second's notice be able to unleash all the Karate, Savate, Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, Commando, Jungle Fighting, Street Fighting, Secret Police and other secrets which show you how with just one simple jab of one finger to paralyze the toughest wrestler, with one chop shatter the strange hold of the most brutal street fighter and reduce these hoodlums and wily guys into yellow-belly cowards and make them writhe in pain—as if they were mere children! I guarantee you—any secrets are so amazing—so incredible—they practically make your hair stand on end! If you really want to be a fearless fighter in 30 days, rush in the free coupon now and get your copy of this course while this limited offer lasts.

**RUSH COUPON NOW!** Only swift action taken by you NOW—this very minute—will bring you a copy of this limited course while they last. Every page ablaze with trip hammer secrets, showing you how you can unleash in 24 hours the most ferocious and dynamic self-defense fighting secrets of history's most accomplished masters. This limited offer—offered only to men who never want to be afraid again!

**Says JOE WEIDER**

Acknowledged World's No. 1  
"Trainer of Champions"



### NOW MASTER ALL THESE DEVASTATING FIGHTING SECRETS

**ASSASSINS:** From this secret religious Middle-East order of fanatical killers, come the word "Assassinate". Their sensational fighting methods are fully revealed!

**SUMAI WARRIORS:** Proud, feudal Warriors of old Japan, their secret weapons on the lower classes, their secrets—learned to kill with bare feet and hands as an art to last thousands of centuries—now are revealed to you.

**CARIS:** Ferocious rogues, whose frightful methods of fighting shocked even the most brutal cutthroats among men. From them come the word "Connibals". All their secrets are now revealed.

**FOOT-FIGHTING:** The French Underworld perfected Savate—foot fighting, techniques more cringing than the iron tread of a chariot wheel. Here you learn their secrets never revealed for fear of punishment by death.

**JUDO, JIU JITSU:** The ancient Chinese art of Human Defense—learn the Whole System. Nothing Omitted.

**ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTING:** From the docks, dives, lumber and mining camps, comes this roughest, roughest method of fighting. Here you learn in detail the best of these tactics of these rough and tumble fighters.

**YOU'LL LEARN, TOO, ABOUT THE BLOOD-BATH SYSTEMS OF SELF-DEFENSE** of the awesome, shocking techniques of the VANDALS, THUGGERS, AZTECS—the fierce KARATE from the deep secrets of the deadliest modern methods of

**JUNGLE FIGHTING, BOXING, WRESTLING,** and discover in their original form the shocking, dim, hideous secrets from the ancient EGYPTIAN and HINDU temples.

**MAIL NOW—FOR THESE FIGHTING SECRETS!**

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions Dept. 504-128  
803 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J.

Yes, Joe, I need the secret, hidden destructive powers you will reveal. I need them as an effective weapon to overcome any aggressive attacker who threatens me. I enclose 25 cents to cover cost of handling and mailing your booklet, which will be rushed to me immediately. If for any reason, I am not completely satisfied, I will return booklet and my money will be refunded.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Canadiana, Joe Weider, 2785 Bates Road, Montreal, Que.

BE  
A  
DESTRUCTIVE  
SELF-DEFENSE  
FIGHTER  
THIS BOOK IS YOURS  
**FREE!**  
JUST MAIL COUPON



# STRETCH

## YOUR WAY TO A SUPER STRONG BODY

### This Enjoyable Home Gym Way

- Build Big Muscle
- Create Vital Energy
- Improves Health
- Overcome Inferiority Complex

#### BUILD REAL MUSCLE POWER

This versatile steel cable home gym set develops powerful, he-man muscles P.A.S.T. Scientific exercise principle trains muscles from every conceivable angle, exactly in manner endorsed by Mr. America winners. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscularity, and perfect for the more advanced bodybuilder to combine with his regular weight training for faster, all around muscle growth. Constructed of finest steel springs, metal fittings and enamelled attachments, this set can only be purchased from us. Your complete satisfaction guaranteed! Fully illustrated course of instructions shows you how to gain greatest benefit from outfit, right in your own home. Comes shipped in sturdy storage carton, can be easily transported, needs very small space for use and is noiseless in operation. See photos for a few of the many muscle building exercises you can do with this outfit.

#### HERE IS WHAT YOU GET

1. Barbell Attachment. For massive arm, back and leg power.
2. Foot Straps. For unlimited arm and shoulder exercise.
3. Skip Rope. For endurance, speedy muscles.
4. Headstrap. For a round, masculine neck.
5. Cable Chest Pull With Handles. For massive arm, shoulders, chest and back.
6. Hand Grips. For a steel-like grip.
7. Wall Pulley Attachment. For unusual, triceps, deltoid, pectoral and upper back exercise.
8. Rowing Machine Attachment. For a wide, be-man back and broad shoulders.
9. Instruction Book and FREE Book, "How To Fight."

**ORDER TODAY**  
**USE THIS HANDY COUPON**

Mr. America Barbell Co.,  
801 Pollock Ave.,  
Union City, N. J.

Please RUSH me my Steel Cable Home Gym Set. I want to begin training like the Mr. America Champions do. Enclosed find \$..... in full payment.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
All orders shipped promptly. Prices FOB our warehouse.  
No COD's.

CANADIAN PRICE ..... \$15.98

Mr. America Sporting Goods Co.,  
2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Que., Canada



ONLY  
**\$11**



Prices F.O.B.  
Our Warehouse.